THE LIE-DETECTOR ERA

The Reporter

June 8, 1954 25c

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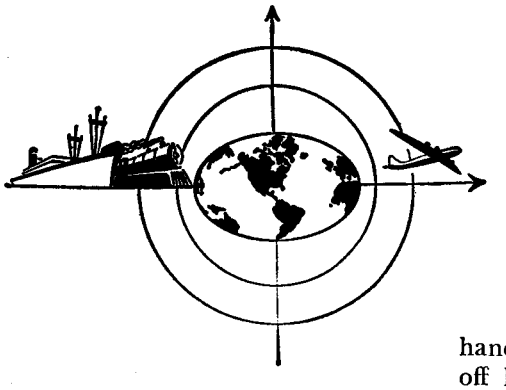

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Third Branch

It was one of those gratifyingly dramatic events that we like to believe happen most often under free systems of government: On the day when the issue of legislative vs. executive powers had at last been fully joined, on the day when certain pundits were most vociferously trying to reach the President's ear to tell him what the "real issue" was, our people were reminded that the men who had written the Constitution had provided for a third branch of government, and had provided it with power to drown out the tinny words of tiny men.

It was gratifying that when the Supreme Court of the United States declared racial segregation in our schools unconstitutional it did so unanimously, which means that it did so under the leadership of its new Chief Justice, Earl Warren. The last time the country heard much about Earl Warren was during the sorry spectacle of his confirmation by the Senate, when he had to swear to uphold the Constitution with one hand while brushing political mud off his robes with the other. That mud came from a captious North Dakota Republican. Now Warren can expect from farther south a bombardment by all political factions—not least of all by those who have, with some success, been trying to crossbreed the G.O.P. elephant and the states' rights wild boar. The Southern Ike-ocrats will be crestfallen; the Dixiecrats will assemble with wild rebel yells; the Southern Democrats will have themselves another three fingers of bourbon on the fact that their party successfully sidestepped this issue for twenty years so that the courageous words had to be spoken by a Republican Chief Justice under a Republican President.

The rest of us will simply thank Mr. Warren and his fellow Justices for reminding us of that third branch of government, and reminding us that it is above politics.

Those Other Hearings

Watching Roy Cohn's running commentary in Senator McCarthy's ear, it has been hard to suppress the question: Where do committee chairmen find such characters?

Congressmen and Senators are clothed with authority because they represent the sovereign people of the United States. On Capitol Hill there is a growing tendency to treat this power as if it were a Cadillac, to be lent to friends and political neighbors.

That's the way it was with Mr. Cohn, as everybody now knows. He put on the mantle of sovereignty lent to him by McCarthy, and tried—all too successfully at first—to order the Army around.

IT WOULD be bad enough if this were an isolated case. But it isn't. Just down the corridor, on the House side of the Capitol, another peculiar staff is making use of that same infinitely lendable asset, the power of the U. S. government. It is the Special Committee to Investigate Tax-Exempt Foundations, chaired by Representative Carroll Reece (R., Tennessee). The foundations were investigated once, and thoroughly, by the Cox Committee in 1952. But Mr. Reece, a minority member of the Cox group, thought they should have found some real dirt. Nine months ago, with a ringing denunciation of the Ford Foundation, he persuaded the House to let him try again.

For counsel, the Committee chose two law partners, René Wormser and Arnold Koch. Since their firm does a lot of tax work and has some foundations as clients, a conflict-of-interest problem came up right at the start. Early this year after the Comptroller General had been consulted, they were dropped from the payroll. Chairman Reece kept them working, though, and finally got the House Republican leadership to agree to reinstate them with back pay.

With this "hound's-tooth" issue behind him, Congressman Reece got

FOREIGN-POLICY WALTZ

And a one-step, two-step—turn and glide,
And a one and two and stop;
Now twirl your partner and leave her side
And let your partner drop.
Now for every step that you take ahead
Do a one-and-two behind;
Change from the lead and don't be led
If your partner has a mind.
This is the newest, gayest dance
For the old and out-of-breath—
If you lose your partner, just advance
Alone to the brink of death.

—SEC

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into new trouble. He needed more money, but Representative Wayne Hays (D., Ohio) wouldn't go along with a new request to the House unless Reece fired the "Chicago branch" of the committee staff—Karl Ettinger and G. B. de Huszar, the progenitor of the original Reece speech, who is regarded as Reece's chief source of ideological raw material on foundations. Congressman Hays won his point: Ettinger and de Huszar left. But the "Chicago viewpoint" lives on in the committee staff's report, presented by Research Director Norman Dodd when the hearings opened on May 10.

"During the four years, 1933-36, a change took place which was so drastic as to constitute a 'revolution.'" This change, according to Mr. Dodd, could not have happened peacefully unless education had prepared the way. The foundations helped build up schools and colleges, hence they must be the villains. And sure enough, investigation reveals such villainies as "directing education in the United States toward an international viewpoint and discrediting the traditions to which it had been dedicated." The foundations, Mr. Dodd reported in sorrow, "give evidence of a response to our involvement in international affairs."

When Congressman Hays asked him what traditions had been discredited, Mr. Dodd said he meant traditions "which had come down through the years," such as "to avoid entangling alliances."

Last July 27, when Carroll Reece told the House that the Ford Foundation was full of "subversive, pro-Communist and pro-socialist" activities, an old-line politician was engaged in a practical smear. Now the "research" staff has converted this investigation (and apparently Mr. Reece) to an enormously broad ideological attack on American education.

Other culprits are named: the American Council of Learned Societies, the National Research Council, the National Education Association, the American Council on Education, and others. Sparing no man, Mr. Dodd also throws in the Parent-Teachers' Association, the National Council of the Churches of Christ, and the Committee for Economic Development, "each of which has played some part in adjusting the minds of American citizens to the marked changes which have taken place in 'the public interest.'" The conspiracy against American traditions has been made possible, the Dodd Report says, by the way the great foundations make grants. They "support experiments in fields which defied control, . . . without first having proved them to be 'in the public interest.'"

No experiments if the result isn't known in advance. No research unless the conclusion is approved first. That is how the Reece Committee's own staff appears to be operating; why shouldn't the foundations work the same way?

Democracy in Spain

Despite our reputations as hardheaded businessmen, we Americans continually behave as if military alliances were made in heaven. A few years ago our Communist allies against fascism were by definition good fellows and communicants in that mystical fellowship some editorial writers call the free world. But yesterday's fascists are today's anti-Communists, and there is a growing tendency to sanctify Spain's undoubted strategic importance with a reputation for political purity that Franco deserves almost as little as Stalin did.

Six Congressmen spent a month in Europe last fall visiting American bases and rewriting history. Here is an excerpt from the report of the Subcommittee on Defense Activities of the House Committee on Armed Services:

"Spain has, traditionally, been a country which fiercely defends independence of the individual . . . in evaluating the reason for Spain entering into this accord, we must not view this willingness to associate with us as something new. Spain is the implacable foe of communism everywhere. She has never departed from this position. She gave over a million of her sons in defense of her homeland against attempted Communist conquest. The Spanish civil war was communism's attempt at imperialistic aggression by seizing this strategic peninsula to seal off the Mediterranean and paralyze the Western World, which depends so much upon free access to and use of the Mediterranean.

"No amount of disguise can overshadow the fact that Spain did defeat Communism Spain preserved her integrity and she snatched away from the vultures of the Kremlin, their camp followers and dupes, one of the great strategic prizes in the world. Her reward was to be isolated for many years and frowned upon by the Western World. No wonder Spain was slow in coming to agreement. At last, sober thinking and considered judgment have swept away the fog in our international relations; and we have placed friend and foe in their proper positions. The past ought to be interred in the limbo of things better forgotten. . . ."

In that limbo of things better forgotten, the Spanish civil war will surely occupy a unique position. Apparently it was either the first battle in the war against fascism or the first battle in the war against Communism, depending on your point of view. For some people it became both. In what we happen to regard as his best book, *Homage to Catalonia*, the late George Orwell told how he went to Spain with a youthful desire to fight totalitarianism and left Spain with a mature but saddening knowledge that just because people are willing to fight on your side doesn't necessarily mean that they share your ideals.

As to the "independence of the individual" in Spain, we call the subcommittee's attention to a recent editorial written by the Reverend Jesús Iribarren in the magazine *Ecclesia*. Father Iribarren found it necessary to use the privileged sanctuary of an official Roman Catholic publication in order to make public his suggestion that something be done about the "temporary" law—it has been in force for sixteen years now—by which Franco controls and censors the Spanish press. Under the terms of the law, the government has the right to appoint and dismiss editors in chief; no reporter can do his job without a permit from the Ministry of Information; and every news item must be approved by censors before publication. Here is a source of fog that "sober thinking and considered judgment" may yet sweep away—if we live long enough.

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MASSIVE AND INSTANTANEOUS

To the Editor: "It is difficult to see," you write in *The Reporter's* "Notes" of April 27, "how anyone who is not a Communist agent can object to our manufacturing bombs and then testing them." It is not merely difficult, it is impossible for one at least of your readers to see how so intelligent a paper as *The Reporter* can fail to understand the concern of Europe and Asia with regard to the Bikini explosions.

HELEN M. CAM
Cambridge, Massachusetts

(The "Note" referred to starts: "The two H-bombs detonated last month in the Pacific inflicted incalculable damage upon our country. . . . We can see the evidence of this in the revulsion that the two explosions have set off among the British, the French, the Indians, the Indonesians—practically all the people on earth."

We do not believe that we failed "to understand the concern of Europe and Asia with regard to the Bikini explosions," but neither do we believe that this country should deliberately abstain from making and testing weapons that it is well known the Soviet Union possesses. The fault, as the "Note" went on to say, lies not with the weapons but with the policy of the men who control the weapons. Europe and Asia have no great reason to be afraid of a big bang in the empty reaches of the Pacific; they have every reason to fear a military policy that would prepare the United States to fight only one kind of war—a war of total destruction.)

HOW FAR THIS LITTLE CANDLE . . .

To the Editor: My surprise and pleasure were great when I arrived in Addis Ababa last night bereft of reading material and found one American publication for sale at the Ras Hotel of this nation's capital: *The Reporter.*

Needless to say, I bought it. I also enjoyed it. And, investigating today, I find you have a number of subscribers in Addis Ababa and, most interesting, one copy of each issue of your magazine goes to the Imperial Palace.

C. BROOKS PETERS
Addis Ababa, Ethiopia

To the Editor: As a new reader for whom *The Reporter* is a discovery, I would like to say that its liberal objectivity makes it almost essential reading for those of us over here who find the American scene just a shade too Luce-idly interpreted by the ubiquitous publications that, for millions, have been the voice of America.

The perplexity, impatience, and occasional anger engendered over here by the Republican Administration's flounderings on the world scene will surely be mitigated by the good will *The Reporter's* factual handling of the news is bound to conjure up. *The Reporter* has helped to remind me that the rest of us have more to thank you Americans for than to chide you for.

O. D. GALLAGHER
Jersey, Channel Islands

DEAD PAN v. INSIGHT

To the Editor: Every once in a while I suppose you have trouble putting a suitable squib in your "Who— What— Why" column. I say this as an excuse for your comment that Mary Ellin Barrett, in her article on Dylan Thomas *(The Reporter,* April 27), "saw deeply behind" the poet's words. What did she see behind his words? Presumably the chaos of a mind and a sensibility from which time, the thief, had stolen inspiration. I say "presumably" because while that conclusion was strongly implied in Miss Barrett's handling of the interview, it was not made explicit. This dead-pan, no-comment method (which Miss Barrett shares with Miss Ross of the *New Yorker*) works well when it is used to register the superficialities of Hollywood phonies, but its usefulness ends and its limitations become apparent when it is applied to men of the stature of Hemingway and Thomas.

ELLIOTT B. GOS, JR.
Ithaca, New York

(We think there is a great difference between making a great writer look like a boob and showing the degree to which a great poet understood his own failures.)

A MODEST PROPOSAL

To the Editor: In the section of Jonathan Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* concerning the Kingdom of Lilliput, there is the following passage dealing with the laws of that country:

"All crimes against the state are punished here with the utmost severity; but if the person accused maketh his innocence plainly to appear upon his trial, the accuser is immediately put to an ignominious death; and out of his goods or lands, the innocent

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person is quadruply recompensed for the loss of his time, for the danger he underwent, for the hardship of his imprisonment, and for all the charges he hath been at in making his defence . . . and proclamation is made of his innocence through the whole city."

If this same procedure were followed in our own country, I wonder if certain investigating committees would not long ago have been forced to cease their oppressive activities.

BERNARD A. BEARER
Storrs, Connecticut

HOMER UP TO DATE

To the Editor: I notice in the papers that a movie version of the *Odyssey* has gone before the cameras in Rome. Writers Ben Hecht, Irwin Shaw, and Hugh Gray have stated that their objective is "to retain certain elements of the saga, but to lose no element of universal appeal for the sake of classicism." I offer the following comment in Homeric verse:

Tell me, O Muse, of the men, the men of the many devices
Who wandered a full many ways since TV has threatened their city,
Hollywood, holy by name; they however have left her,
Embarking on Italy's shore, escaping the *swift tax collector.*
Hecht, Shaw, and Gray are they called, their fountain pens swifter than bird flight.
Threefold and yet undivided, as of green-haired Poseidon the trident.

Of these it was Shaw who stood forth and kind in intention addressed them:
"More highbrow than both of you think is the public which still loves the movies.
Consider the features they make, in France and in cloudy-skied Britain,
Subtle of purpose they are, yet many are those who pay entrance.
Abide by the poet we shall, thus commandeth my artist's own conscience."
So he spoke, but these two stayed stricken, regarding each other in silence.

Utter amazement was theirs. He had spoken to them very strongly.
But finally Benjamin Hecht, a man ripe in years and in learning,
Slowly put out his cigar, and rose to his feet to refute him:
"O man of the lions, what now, what words are escaping your teeth-rows?
Has gray-eyed Athena befogged you, or is *vino* dulling your senses?
Why do you think that we work, for the *eighty-cents* crowd of the Playhouse?

"Cunning Odysseus may be, yet too many his words and his detours,
Even for Radio City's big screen, the writer's silvery target.
Take up your pen without fear, scratch all those gods from the extras!
Zeus is forgotten by now. Technicolored sex is eternal,
Odysseus the first of G.I.'s whose homecoming was unduly snafued."

HANS KONIGSBERGER
New York

HOW TO BE INCREDIBLY COOL THIS SUMMER

If you are horribly affected by the heat every summer; if the heat drains your strength—leaves you weak and washed out; if every summer you run to air-conditioned movies, then come out into the broiling sun and worry about ending up in bed with miserable colds, here's how you can keep incredibly cool this year.

Arthur Carson's *How to Keep Cool* describes practically every *fast, low cost, scientifically right way* known so you can cool off fast, and stay cool all summer long. With this book to guide you, there's simply no excuse any longer for sleepless nights or nerve-wracked days when you just can't bear the heat any longer.

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For your personal comfort, you get the answers to the questions you've been asking for years. Which is better—a cold shower or a warm bath? (You think you know that one? Better read what the scientists have to say. The right answer will be a blessing when you come in out of a hot street this summer.) When the thermometer is climbing, is it really dangerous to drink ice water? Is hot coffee or hot soup wiser? Look at the Arab with all his heavy clothing and ask, "Is it true that the fewer, lighter-weight clothes you wear, the cooler you are?"

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Political Trends: 1952-56

By LOUIS HARRIS

Research Executive with Elmo Roper

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE EDITORIAL in the last issue concluded: "the nation has never been in such peril in the 178 years since it was founded." As the peril is unprecedented, so must be the unity that is established to face it.

One of the most alarming trends in our country today is the tendency to judge people not according to what they have done but according to what they might do. As our leading article points out, there is nothing wrong with the lie detector in itself. Indeed, it has proved to be remarkably useful in criminal investigations. But it is not a foolproof robot that automatically distinguishes truth from falsehood. It is a tool that must be handled by responsible and skillful people. Such people are rare, and not many of them, it seems, are working for the government.

The two-part article is the product of months of research and interviews with scientists and people who are acquainted with the machine—both as examiners and as examined. In this investigation, **Dwight Macdonald** has been helped by a member of our Washington staff, **Charles Clift**, who was co-author of the wiretapping articles in our December 23, 1952, and January 6, 1953, issues.

Dwight Macdonald, who has been an editor of *Fortune* and of the *Partisan Review*, is a staff writer on the *New Yorker*. When asked to write the articles, Mr. Macdonald decided to experience for himself what it's like to answer questions while tied to a lie-detector machine. The cover drawing by **John Ployardt** is superimposed on a photostat of the squiggles produced by Macdonald's own test.

THE HONORABLE **Woodrow Wyatt**, M.P. for Aston, Birmingham, was Under-Secretary of State for War in the Labour Government. He is an authority on Bevanism, although not exactly a friend of Mr. Bevan. In the issue of August 5, 1952, Mr. Wyatt discussed "The Dubious Future of Aneurin Bevan," contrasting his political antics and recurrent irregularity with the high value placed by Labourites on party loyalty.

With the article on Tangier in this issue, **Claire Sterling** completes her report on trouble spots of North Africa. Tangier has the distinction of suffering from chronic friction of opposing national interests.

There has been much talk lately about two Moslem nations, Turkey and Pakistan, that are on their way to becoming integral parts of the western alliance. **William Clark,** diplomatic correspondent for the London *Observer,* has returned from both countries with a somewhat sobering report.

Peggy Durdin is, in journalistic jargon, an Old China Hand. She has lived in Chungking for many years with her husband, Tillman Durdin, a New York *Times* correspondent. There, like other American reporters, she came to know some of the leading characters of the present Communist régime in Peking.

Texans like to say that they are not only different from inhabitants of other sections of the country but that they are Southerners with a difference. **Theodore H. White's** report should confirm this singular notion.

Frank O'Leary's discussion of the plight of the ex-convict restored to society should give some food for thought to those New York reporters and politicians-at-large who criticize longshoremen's unions because they admit men who have served time.

Marya Mannes had no choice as to which television show to comment on for this issue. **Louis Morton,** Chief of the Pacific Section of the Army's Office of Military History, is the author of the recently published *The Fall of the Philippines.* He reviews a book that will probably become a classic in the fast-growing library of anti-Rooseveltiana. It would be good if everybody who is going to make some use of this book could read Morton's review. **Al Newman,** our Managing Editor, was a war correspondent, but not in the Crimean War. **Philip M. Kaiser,** who discusses Lewis Lorwin's book, *The International Labor Movement,* is a former Assistant Secretary of Labor and a specialist in international labor problems.

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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Needed: a Coalition Government—II

"BIPARTISANSHIP" has become the word lately—bipartisanship, of course, in the conduct of foreign affairs, of the type practiced by the Roosevelt and Truman Administrations. Just a few months ago, the Democrats were blasted by Cabinet members as "architects of disaster" and, to say the least, abettors of disloyalty, while the itinerant orators for the Republican National Committee had no qualms in denouncing all over the country the "twenty years of treason." In the lexicon of Governor Dewey the words "Truman" and "Democrat" meant "diplomatic failure, military failure, death and tragedy." But recently, since the names of other men—men quite close to Governor Dewey—have become eligible for identification with diplomatic failure, etc., the highest Administration leaders have gone out of their way in proclaiming that loyalty is not a Republican monopoly. The Administration, so it says now, has never stopped taking the Democratic Congressional leaders into its confidence. Briefly, bipartisanship has not only been declared but made retroactive.

Unfortunately, this is one more instance of too little and too late. Bipartisanship, like united inter-Allied action, cannot be established by Administration fiat. Something far more drastic is needed to give our nation the unity which the grave and present danger demands. The danger is of defeat abroad and subversion at home. Allied, uncommitted, and enemy nations alike are losing both respect for and fear of the United States. At home, subversion and disloyalty not only are probably still carried on by the Communist underground but most certainly are organized and heralded by at least one U.S. Senator. Classified papers may still be passed to Russian agents in the darkness of movie theaters, while with their own eyes citizens can see public officials proudly waving confidential documents that have been stolen by disloyal government workers—even by Army officers.

Can bipartisanship remedy the breakdown of international prestige and of internal order? It cannot, because the Republican Party has fallen victim to its own intemperate slogans. During the whole Presidential campaign and for over one year since it came into power the Republican Party has heralded a crusade at home and talked about its offensive against international Communism all over the world. Unprincipled men, high in the ranks of the Republican Party, have made of the crusade an unrelenting civil war of nerves against the Democratic Party and its leaders. These crusaders were singularly reckless, since no civil war can be fought together with a war against an external enemy—even when both wars are of the psychological or political or of-nerves variety. In fact, the vaunted political warfare against international Communism, with its reliance on resounding phrases and unsubstantiated threats, has turned out to be just a continuation and projection of the one fought at home.

The results can be seen in the shock and bewilderment both of the American people and of what may be called the American constituency abroad—the nations that actually practice freedom. The Eisenhower Administration cannot be exonerated from responsibility either for the subversion it has abetted or for the foreign policy it has conducted. It has let such a situation prevail at home, in its own ranks, that at present to negotiate with antagonistic powers is called appeasement, to acknowledge the existence of durable—if loathsome—régimes in foreign countries is condemned as surrender.

Until a few weeks ago, the prevailing theory of the Administration seemed to be that our nation is too proud—and too budget-minded—to fight limited, more or less conventional wars. Now, after the fall of Dienbienphu, it has become harder to define the aims of our foreign policy. We, like the rest of mankind, abhor the prospect of total war; we do not want to fight any more limited wars; we do not believe in any broad peace settlement; and we cannot conceive of entering into limited agreements with at least one major foreign power, Red China, for the recognition of Red China is obnoxious to high-ranking Republican Senators. As we hate any middle course just as much as we hate the extremes, we bounce back to the extremes and muse on the choice between impossible absolutes. Should we stick to our

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Allies, or should we, after some agonizing, let the rest of the world go hang? Should we concentrate on being prosperous or on being strong?

Indeed, there is a singularly Hamlet-like quality in our national life these days, with a man in the White House, an exceedingly worthy and still overwhelmingly popular man, brooding on whether to be or not to be President.

Where Is the Bi- *?*

Ours is too vigorous and healthy a country to let this suicidal state of affairs prevail much longer. The deadly chain of disloyalties by Communist or by McCarthyite conspirators has got to be broken, lest America be reduced, at the Communists' pleasure and mercy, to the role of a superfluous nation, dedicated to the production of the comfortable superfluities of life. A formidable effort for national salvation is needed if the trend toward national abasement is to be reversed. Mere bipartisanship—even the good old bipartisanship of the late Senator Vandenberg in the Roosevelt and Truman eras—cannot do the job.

Moreover, the prefix "bi-," Webster says, "denotes, in general, *two*," and it is extremely doubtful whether we have two parties in America today. There is the Democratic Party on one side, still somewhat weary because of a too-long tenure of office. And then there is the Republican Party, which holds in its ranks the men responsible for our institutions and others who are bent on wrecking them. Actually, because of the small edge it has in both houses of Congress, the Republican is *not* the majority party, and could never purge itself of its radical wing without openly and formally giving up what is, in reality, an idle pretense. The Administration itself is the closest equivalent to what in France is called a minority Government, with one considerable difference: that while a French Premier can be relieved of his tribulations by a vote of no confidence, President Eisenhower has got to stay in the White House for the duration of his term of office.

Can the nation wait until the time when the honest Republicans find the courage to clean their own house? Or can it wait until the time when, six months from now, the people may elect a Democratic majority which two months later would reorganize Congress? Will Malenkov and Mao wait that long? Moreover, a political campaign, with the Republican radical wing still uncurbed, will inevitably widen the chasm between the two parties. And if the President is going to find the courage to do the curbing before the elections, he would be well advised to do it now for a more enduring result and a higher stake. To become the head of the nation in deeds and not in words alone, the President has no other way out, we think, than to give the country a Government of national coalition.

This certainly would go against the politicians' grain. It probably would not receive enthusiastic support from the chairman of either National Committee. The Democrats may find it particularly unpalatable to share the responsibility of government, since events at home and abroad are apparently vindicating them. But these same events, in the months ahead, may bring even worse plights to our nation.

A Government of national coalition would mean that both parties, at least for the duration of the President's term, would share the responsibility of running the Executive and the Legislative Branches of the government. It would mean a sort of limited moratorium on partisanship in the next Congressional elections, at least as far as the basic issues of foreign policy, of strategy, and of expenditure for national defense are concerned. One thing is certain: that a coalition Government would not be a Government of total national unity, for the seditious wing of the Republican Party and its few fellow travelers inside the Democratic Party would remain utterly unreconstructed.

If we think that a coalition Government is an idle dream, let's consider how incongruous it would be to have the next election run on a pattern of politics as usual in these extraordinarily unusual times. Let's consider the prospect of President Eisenhower's being persuaded by the rotund Mr. Hall to use the prestige of his office and his name in order to defeat Senator Paul Douglas in Illinois. Or let's think of the Kentucky situation, where our ancient former Vice-President is attempting to unseat J. Sherman Cooper, one of the few vigorous, broad-minded Republicans in the Senate today. A good Republican is not expendable these days. One of the achievements of a coalition Government could be that by helping Republicans to clean their house today, it could again give us a two-party system tomorrow.

If we have the broadest possible national unity at home, then we can again establish unity with our Allies, and decide how much each of us—we and the Allies—has to contribute to the common cause of resisting Communism both in war and in peace. When this nasty era of political or psychological or nerve warfare, both at home and abroad, is well behind us, then we will have a foreign policy and the President will reassume his historic role. Even his own mistakes and indecisiveness have not yet made him unfit to be the living symbol of national and inter-Allied unity.

(The third and final editorial of this series will deal with the future prospects of our foreign policy.)

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The Lie-Detector Era

I. 'I Know You Done It. The Machine Says So. . . .'

DWIGHT MACDONALD

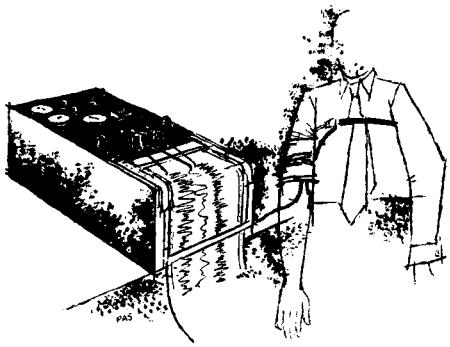
FOR SOME thirty years now, Sunday supplements have been rendering their readers popeyed with articles on a supposedly infallible device of scientific black magic called a lie detector. The general impression fostered by such accounts is that the lie detector is a recently invented machine that detects lies. The impression is incorrect.

The lie detector was not recently invented nor is it a machine; it is a combination of three instruments that were devised, for other purposes, in the nineteenth century. And it does not detect lies; it simply records the physiological by-products of emotional responses. From this record and from many other criteria, including simple observation, a highly skilled examiner can very often tell whether a subject is lying or telling the truth. As J. Edgar Hoover, no great enthusiast for the device, has put it: "The name is a complete misnomer. The machine used is not a lie detector. . . . The person who operates the machine is the lie detector by reason of his interpretations . . . whenever the human element enters into an interpretation of anything, there always is a variance."

UNTIL RECENTLY, the lie detector was used almost wholly in criminal work—in police interrogation of suspected criminals and in screening employees of banks, department stores, and other business firms where the accessibility of money or goods is a temptation.

Notable examples of the device's usefulness in police interrogation include the Army Criminal Investigation Division's success in getting Colonel Jack Durant and his wife to admit stealing the Hesse crown jewels while on occupation duty in Germany after the Second World War; the freeing of Joe Majcek in 1946 from Illinois State Prison after serving twelve years of a life term for a murder he did not commit (a movie, "Call Northside 777," was later made of the Majcek case); the solution of the baffling Schwartz murder case in Berkeley, California, in 1925, after a lie test had shown that the "logical" (and, as it turned out, framed-up) suspect was innocent.

An example of the commercial use of the lie detector was the testing some years ago of employees in a big chain-store system that had been losing $1.4 million a year by pilferage, with the result that seventy-



six per cent of them admitted having taken goods or money; a second test six months later showed only three per cent still doing it.

Success stories of this kind explain why the lie detector is being used by more and more police departments.

Expansion of its use in business has been slower, mainly because labor just doesn't like the lie detector. Several years ago, for instance, Fries, Beall & Sharp, a big hardware store in Washington, D. C., had its 122 employees take lie tests. The story leaked out, and there was an uproar in the local press. (Despite the efforts of the profession to present the lie detector as something that need embarrass only the guilty, the public persists in seeing the whole procedure as intrinsically humiliating.) "We believe our employees are honest, and we're just trying to prove it," said W. J. Tastet, the head of the firm, a bit desperately. "Mr. Tastet thinks the employees all feel better now that they have purged themselves," retorted an employee. "They don't. They're scared and unhappy."

The biggest lie-detection screening operation ever undertaken in a criminal case was recently begun in La-Crosse, Wisconsin, where seventeen hundred high-school students and teachers were to be examined with the lie detector in an attempt to solve the disappearance of a fifteen-year-old baby sitter. The device has been used not only by the U.S. government against Communists but also by Communists against the government. In 1950, John Lautner, an FBI spy in the party, was taken into a cellar in Cleveland, where his wrist was taped and a ball placed in his hand. Every time he said something, according to Lautner, his examiners called him a liar. The comrades may have been using a phony as psychological warfare—the police have been known to do this—or they may have been using the Tremograph, a lie detector invented in the 1920's by a Soviet scientist named Luria.

'Answer Yes or No'

The lie detector may have proved its usefulness for certain police and commercial investigations, but in the last five years, as we shall see, a broad new field of operations has been opened up in which the results have

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been much less impressive. This is the use of the lie detector in government service: to do mass security screening of new employees in certain "sensitive" Federal agencies, to check up on individual employees who have been accused of being bad security risks, and sometimes, according to reports, simply as a threat to get people to resign quietly and without fuss.

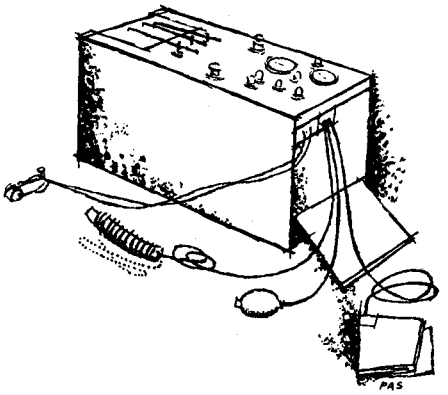
The questions raised by this new development are both technical and moral. In criminal investigations the lie-detector operator is looking for answers to relatively simple, or at least concrete, questions: Did you fire the gun? Did you take the money? Were you at the scene of the crime? But more recently government examiners have been looking for answers to complex and vague questions that are not always easy to answer with a simple Yes or No: Have you ever had any Communist sympathies? Have you been closely associated with Communists or fellow travelers? Is your sex life normal? Are you open to blackmail? There is considerable doubt in the trade whether the lie detector can be relied on to give accurate results when the question is one of inclination or intention rather than one of fact, and, indeed, the results so far do not encourage much optimism.

There is also a moral issue involved. Should citizens accused of no crime have to subject themselves to a lie test in order to convince their superiors of their honesty? Should it be a prerequisite for getting and keeping a government job that one has to go through a procedure that is to some degree painful and humiliating even with the most scrupulous and sympathetic of examiners, a procedure that has hitherto been reserved for suspected criminals? Those in charge of the government agencies that have been using the lie detector would themselves seem to recognize the embarrassing nature of such questions, since they have gone to considerable lengths to keep the whole matter secret.

It is the purpose of these articles to throw some light into this dark corner of our governmental practices. But let us begin by considering briefly the lie detector itself and its present legal and scientific standing.

Truth Machines In Action

The first person to use a scientific instrument as an aid in detecting lies was the nineteenth-century criminologist Cesare Lombroso, who in 1895 claimed success in establishing the guilt or innocence of suspected criminals by taking their blood pressure while they were being questioned. Shortly afterward, the famous Swiss psychiatrist C. G. Jung concluded that it was possible to detect attempts at lying or evasion with the help of a "psychogalvanometer" to measure electrical skin resistance. In 1908, Professor Hugo Münsterberg of the Harvard psychology department in his book *On the Witness Stand* suggested further possibilities of detecting lies by means of recording physiological changes. In 1914, a second Italian criminologist, Vittorio Benussi, published an important study of the breathing rate of subjects under interrogation, arriving at the "Benussi Ratio," which related respiratory changes to attempts at deception. The following year, William Moulton Marston, a criminal lawyer who was a disciple of Münsterberg, began to study the correlation between lying and blood-pressure changes.



During the First World War, the National Research Council asked Marston and several other psychologists to investigate the various kinds of deception tests then known and report on their possible usefulness in counterespionage work. The war ended before the government could make any use of the report, but Marston's work was carried on by a young psychologist named John A. Larson, who in 1921 devised an apparatus that recorded both breathing and blood pressure. Larson worked on the Berkeley, California, police force under the celebrated August Vollmer, often called the father of scientific police work in this country, and in the early 1920's Larson used his apparatus with success on hundreds of criminal suspects. He was presently joined on the Berkeley police force by a psychology major from Stanford University named Leonarde Keeler. Later on, both moved to Chicago, Larson to become Assistant State Criminologist of Illinois and Keeler to work in the Scientific Crime Detection Laboratory which Northwestern University set up in 1930 with funds from Chicago businessmen whose interest in crime detection had been stimulated by the St. Valentine's Day gang massacre of 1929.

The final product of all this evolution was the Keeler "polygraph" (Greek for "writing much"), which was developed by Keeler beginning in 1926 as an improvement and elaboration of Larson's apparatus.

My Own Lie Test

I took a test on the polygraph myself, to gather research for these articles. I sat, following instructions, with feet flat on the floor, eyes looking straight ahead at a spot scratched on the wall for this purpose, motionless, in shirtsleeves. The room was an ordinary office, except that the door was heavily padded, since outside noises might distract the "subject" and cause misleading reactions. (In some polygraph rooms, a two-way mirror is set in the wall, through which the proceedings may be spied on without the subject's being aware of it, but there was no mirror in the room where I underwent my test.)

The pneumograph, a corrugated rubber tube that expands and contracts as one breathes, was fastened around my chest. The sphygmanometer, an inflatable rubber cuff such as doctors use to measure blood pressure, was wrapped around my upper arm. Ordinarily, there would also have been attached to my hand two electrodes to measure galvanic skin response, or the resistance of skin to a weak electrical current; the resistance changes with emotional response. But the electrodes were

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out of order the day I presented myself for examination.

Since my job didn't depend on the results of the test, I felt no special emotion, although I did become uncomfortably aware of my breathing and of my blood throbbing against the inflated cuff. The examiner, who sat to the side slightly behind me, flipped a switch, the machine began to whirr industriously, and the impulses from the gadgets attached to me began to make lines on a moving roll of graph paper driven by a small electric motor.

THE EXAMINER asked me seven questions, pausing a long time, perhaps thirty seconds, between each to let the reaction build up. As I had been instructed, I replied to each question with a simple "Yes" or "No." Four of the questions were "neutral." That is, they presumably would cause no reaction and would be answered truthfully: "Is your name Dwight Macdonald?" "Did you eat breakfast today?" "Do you live in New York City?" "Are you wearing a brown suit?" To each of these I replied, "Yes." Three other questions were "crucial." That is, they might be expected to stimulate emotion, especially if my answers were untruthful: "Have you ever committed grand larceny?" "Have you ever belonged to an organization on the Attorney-General's black list?" "Have you ever been imprisoned?" To each of these I answered, "No"—truthfully to the first, falsely to the other two, since I had once belonged to the Workers Party, now on the list, and had spent a day in jail for picketing the Soviet consulate after Trotsky's murder. The examiner spotted these falsehoods when we examined the chart after the test, though to my untutored eyes the squiggles didn't seem very different from those provoked by the other five questions. He admitted that the reactions were rather weak. The one squiggle that seemed to rise to a definite peak was, oddly enough, the record of my reaction to the question about the brown suit: I had been obliged to look down and see what color suit I was wearing before replying, and that had caused me to hold my breath momentarily, with sensational effects on the graph.

We then went through the test again, with about the same results, except that this time there was no reaction to the brown-suit question. Finally, we played some guessing games. I was instructed to write down the year of my birth and two other years close to it and to answer "No" each time I was asked "Were you born in . . . ?" I wrote 1904, 1906, 1908. From the graph, the examiner deduced that I was born in 1904. He had told me in advance that this kind of test might not work, since no emotion at all was involved. It didn't. I was born in 1906.

The Theory

The basic theory behind the polygraph is that telling a lie will have greater emotional effect and so cause bigger squiggles on the chart than telling the truth. Questioning techniques are as important as the operation of the machine, and they have been refined and elaborated over the years. They all are based on some combination of "neutral" questions that all subjects will answer truthfully without emotion and "crucial" questions to which the guilty subject will react strongly.

A great deal of ingenuity has been devoted to avoiding false accusations of deception against truthful subjects who out of nervousness or excitability might show strong reactions on crucial questions. Responsible examiners attempt to reassure and relax the subject in the pre-test discussion period; they try to establish each subject's normal degree of reaction even when telling the truth; they "run" subjects a number of times if the first test seems to show evidence of deception, the theory—for which there seems to be impressive evidence—being that a nervous innocent subject will calm down in later tests while a guilty subject will continue to react to the "crucial" questions as strongly as ever.

In the hands of the skillful, experienced, and responsible examiners and when used in the kind of criminal investigation for which it is adapted, the polygraph has without question produced results. Such examiners, however, as we shall see, are not numerous.

The Machines

The great majority of the thousand or so lie detectors now in use are polygraphs, the device developed by Leonarde Keeler with which he achieved impressive results up until the time of his death in 1949. The two best-sellers, both made in Chicago and both costing around $1,300, are Keeler's own machine and a close relative to it called the Stoelting Deceptograph. The latter has been adopted as standard equipment by the Army Signal Corps, which means it is being bought by the world's largest consumer of lie detectors, the Provost Marshal's Office of the armed forces. Two variations on the design of the best-sellers have appeared: the Berkeley Psychograph, which uses a different system for measuring blood pressure, and the Reid Polygraph, which also records arm and leg movements (tensing the muscles is one way to "beat the machine").

There are also Tremographs, Ataxiagraphs, Reactographs, Psychointegroammeters, and Behavior Research Photopolygraphs, but only one other type of lie detector is used widely in practical work—as against laboratory experiments. This is what might be called a "monograph," since it records only one reaction—the Galvanic Skin Response. The pioneer work in this field was done in the 1920's by the late Rev. Walter G. Summers, S.J., of Fordham Univer-

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sity, and is carried on there now by Professor Joseph F. Kubis. The device they developed is sometimes called a Pathometer, sometimes a Galvanometer, and sometimes a Psychogalvanometer. It is extremely sensitive, and for this reason it is widely used in laboratory experiments. Its very sensitivity, however, in the opinion of practicing examiners, unfits it for use in criminal cases or screening tests.

AN ILLEGITIMATE child of the scientifically respectable Pathometer is the Electronic Psychometer, which has been marketed aggressively in the last few years by a high-pressure firm called B & W Associates, operating out of Michigan City, Indiana. B & W's Electronic Psychometer is a cheaper version of the Summers-Kubis instrument—it sells for a mere

$210—that looks and acts very much like a speedometer (". . . no recording device to get out of order and to raise the price of the instrument"). If the needle moves to the right "a desirable 3 or 4 units," then the subject is telling the truth; if it goes the other way, he's lying. "Sounds easy, doesn't it?" asks the advertising leaflet. "Well, it is easy and not at all as difficult as some 'experts' would have you believe." To B & W Associates, indeed, even the mysterious Galvanic Skin Response is simple. Dozens of learned monographs have failed to pin down its cause, but the B & W brochure dismisses it with "Don't worry, this is just a professional name for a simple little phenomenon."

"Purchase the machine in perfect confidence," declares the soothing guarantee that accompanies the gadget, "study the manual for 4 or 5 hours—make tests on yourself and your friends at least 15 times in order to gain confidence in yourself—then if you do not detect lies 8 times out of 10 on future tests, you may return the machine and your money will be refunded."

Quite a few economy-minded police departments use the B & W device. An inspector in the U.S. Post Office Department, where the machine is widely used in criminal investigation, feels that its value is "about fifty per cent psychological."

An even simpler device is now manufactured by the Merlin Electric Company, which offers a lie detector at $24.95, available in toy stores.

'There Is No Conscience-Robot'

The lie detector has yet to win broad scientific or legal recognition. Psychologists view it with suspicion, and the higher courts refuse to admit its findings as evidence.

In a poll of some 1,700 criminologists, polygraphists, and psychologists conducted by the University of Tennessee, only thirty-six per cent of the psychologists (as against seventy-five per cent of the polygraphists) agreed with this statement: "The fear of being found out and/or conscious efforts to deceive are the main causes of significant reactions in polygraphic tests of deception."

Perhaps the closest the polygraph has come to an official blessing is a statement that appeared in the *Journal* of the American Medical Association for October 6, 1951. A doctor whom the editors had asked to comment wrote: "The interpretation of the completed graph is the key to the success of the lie-detector technique, and, in fact, it is akin to the interpretation of X-rays, electrocardiograms, and other scientific tests. . . . Consequently, the training, experience and integrity of the operator . . . is of paramount importance. . . ." With that warning, the doctor went on to concede that ". . . the lie detector test is accepted . . . as a valuable means of differentiating truth from falsity."

A less enthusiastic academic pronouncement was offered by Dr. V. Eliasberg in a resolution that was passed by the Forensic Section of the American Pychiatric Association in 1944. The resolution concludes:

"Whereas the popular belief in the infallibility of the lie detector is apt to prevail unduly upon jurors and to lead to a belief in the machine rather than in conscientious deliberation;

"Whereas, there is no conscience-robot and no diagnosis-robot;

"Now, therefore, we the Forensic Section of the A.P.A. . . . point out that the machine can give valuable results only in the hands of thoroughly trained physicians and psychologists who will evaluate the data derived by applying other available methods and making use of all independently obtainable evidence."

LARGELY because of its still dubious scientific standing, the lie detector has failed to achieve much judicial recognition. A few lower-court judges have admitted its findings in evidence, but they have invariably been excluded on appeal. The first appellate decision was *Frye* v. *U.S.* in 1923, when a Federal judge upheld a lower court's refusal to admit Marston's test in evidence, observing: "While courts will go a long way in admitting expert testimony deduced from a well-recognized scientific principle or discovery, the thing from which the deduction is made must . . . have gained general acceptance in the particular field in which it belongs." The judge felt that the polygraph had not gained such standing.

A whole generation later, in 1952, the Oklahoma Criminal Court of Appeals was saying much the same thing. It recognized the polygraph's "utility in the field of . . . investigation," but noted "the impossibility of cross-examining the machine (a constitutional impediment)" and "those human elements of fallibility which surround interpretation of the lie-detector recordings." The Oklahoma court of appeals concluded: "these devices are unlike the science of handwriting, fingerprinting

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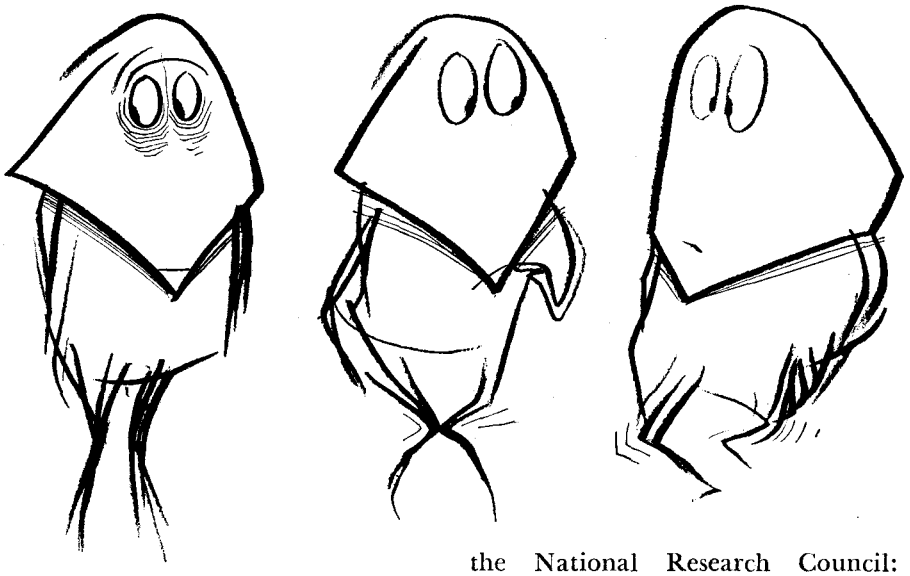
and X-Ray, which reflect demonstrable physical facts that require no complicated interpretation predicated upon the hazards of unknown individual emotional differences, which may and oftentimes do result in erroneous conclusions."



Reliable studies have established that when the polygraph is used by competent examiners and in the criminal work for which it is suited, it has proved accurate and efficient from eighty to ninety-five per cent of the time. Such accuracy, however, is attainable only under the most favorable conditions—which don't often obtain when the police use the machine or, as we shall see, when government examiners use it.

The All-Too-Human Element

The one point of agreement among all those who discuss the lie detector, whether pro or con, is that the vital factor is not mechanical but human. "The lie detector is as good as the man behind it," according to John Reid, who operates the nation's largest commercial agency, while Russell Chatham, another leading commercial operator, has admitted that "Many things could produce the same reaction as a lie—confusion, misunderstanding, anger. It takes an experienced examiner to evaluate the reaction." Or as the Oklahoma decision put it: "We can foresee conditions where the use of the lie detector would resolve into a swearing match, where to ascertain the truth it would be necessary to require the operator to submit to a test to determine the truthfulness of his interpretations."

Professor Dael Wolfle of the University of Chicago summed it up flatly in a study that was made for the National Research Council: "Whenever thoroughly competent investigators are available, the results will be highly useful. When such men are not available, there should be no use of the apparatus and methods."

From all this it appears that forty years of effort and ingenuity have produced a mechanical technique for detecting lies that depends largely on the human being who uses it, a turn of fate's wheel full-circle that is comic, tragic, or ironic depending on one's point of view.

Granting, however, that the machine is at least a useful aid to honest and competent examiners, how common are such in the profession? The answer is discouraging.

There are today somewhere between three and four hundred persons who regularly give lie-detector examinations. This includes commercial, police, Army, and other government operators. The number of operators who are well qualified to give tests—that is, who are both honest and competent—has been estimated by people in the profession at a maximum of forty and a minimum of ten.

"There are too many sandbaggers in this business," the head of one agency has complained, "men who don't know how to interpret a chart or don't give a damn. 'I know you done it,' they say. 'The machine says so, so come clean, you S.O.B.!' "

MEMBERS of the profession itself have estimated that only ten per cent of the examiners working with lie detectors today are fully qualified. The profession is at best an unstable one. While there are some fixed points, the general atmosphere is one of restless flux, with new agencies mushrooming and decaying overnight, enigmatic if not downright dubious characters enjoying a momentary prosperity and then vanishing from the scene, claims and counter-claims, doubts and scandal proliferating until one wonders *Quis Custodiet Ipsos Custodes?* or Who Shall Examine the Examiners?

Even the fixed points often move seismically. Thus, after the revered Leonarde Keeler died in 1949, one of his students, Jack Harrison, bought his business and in a couple of years had turned the school into a diploma mill—"Jack gave 'em away to pay bills," an associate remarked sadly—that loosed on the world scores of half-trained polygraphists. Some of these graduates are said to have been responsible for the scandalous abuse of the polygraph at the National Security Agency (formerly the Armed Forces Security Agency) that we shall consider in the concluding article of this series. It should be added that the firm now runs a series of six-week courses with six to twelve students per course. Graduates receive a letter certifying to their training; they get a diploma only on producing evidence that they have conducted 150 tests in a manner satisfactory to the Institute.

During the days when the Keeler school was a diploma mill, the Provost Marshal's Office canceled its contract for the training of Army personnel and set up its own school. This school, located at Camp Gordon, a Military Police installation near Augusta, Georgia, is the only other bona fide polygraph training school in the country, and almost all Federal polygraph examiners are now trained there. The regular course runs for eight weeks.

Eminent Polygraphers

Any list of men who have made their marks in this new field would almost certainly have to include Pro-

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fessor Fred E. Inbau, co-author with John Reid of the authoritative book *Lie Detection and Criminal Interrogation;* Russell Chatham, who for seven years conducted at Oak Ridge the most extensive lie-detection program in history; and Ralph W. Pierce, a retired colonel who introduced the polygraph into government service via the Army in 1944 and now operates a commercial agency in Washington. The six personalities sketched below—not necessarily either the most or the least distinguished members of their profession—are in one way or another typical of the men whose business is lie detection.

We might begin with **John E. Reid,** Professor Inbau's co-author and inventor of the Reid Polygraph. His agency, with headquarters in Chicago and branches in New York, San Francisco, and Pittsburgh, probably does more commercial work than any other in the country. It runs about two hundred tests a month at an average fee of $25. Among its clients have been some thirty Chicago judges (who use the polygraph in civil suits when both parties agree, or to supplement probation reports in deciding on sentences); the Chicago police (who have their own machine but consult Reid on difficult cases); the Office of Naval Intelligence; fifteen banks; 171 lawyers; six mail-order houses, including Montgomery Ward; nineteen hotels, from the swank Palmer House to the Y.M.C.A.; the Chicago Racquet Club; the Armored Express Corp.; and a dozen department stores, including Marshall Field.

Frank A. Seckler, who looks like a rather more fatherly J. Edgar Hoover, for whom he once worked, retired from government service in 1950 to open up Personnel Research, Inc., in New York City. Like practically everyone else in the field—at least so it seems—he worked with and admires the late Leonarde Keeler. His firm, housed in a modest suite of offices in the financial district encrusted with photographs and diplomas, is—also typically—a general detective agency and does lie detection only incidentally. His clients, ranging from a few big companies to spouses who want to prove (or disprove) each other's fidelity, are sparse compared to Reid's; for while Chicago is perhaps the country's most polygraph-conscious city, New York is a barren vineyard. No big banks use the device there. Only one big store uses it, and the police use it only occasionally. This sales resistance Seckler attributes partly to New Yorkers' thinking they know it all and partly to the city's being heavily unionized—unions don't like the polygraph.

A notably mysterious figure in a notably mysterious profession is an ingratiating, darkish, youngish man named **Cleve Backster,** who affects a black trench coat and is reported to be the man who set up the Central Intelligence Agency's polygraphic

screening program in 1948 and to have effectively spread the gospel in other governmental agencies. Although somewhat more articulate than most of his colleagues, Mr. Backster clams up on his career in public service ("I can't talk about anything till 1951, when I went into private business"), though under cross-examination he admits he majored in psychology at Texas A. & M. ("I was drawn to interrogation work even then") and served in the Army from 1942 to 1949. He also admits to being general manager of both Lie Detection, Inc., and Seaboard Applicant Service, twin firms specializing in screening applicants for jobs in banks, department stores, and other businesses where honesty is an especially attractive quality to an employer. He may or may not also be president of these firms, which have offices in Washington, Baltimore, and New York. Asked if he was, he replied, "Not necessarily."

Dr. Fabian L. Rouke, a ruddy, persuasive, confident man in his forties, is a New York psychologist who does tests with the Fordham Pathometer. He says he has been using it since 1935 and has not yet made a diagnosis that was later proved wrong. On the rare occasions when New York police resort to a lie detector, they are most likely to call in Dr. Rouke. A steady stream of "subjects" is provided by Lord & Taylor, which sends him all nonprofessional shoplifters they catch. He uses the Pathometer to make a preliminary diagnosis of the mental quirk that led them to shoplift—he says they always steal for neurotic reasons, not because they want to sell or use the stuff—and, if he thinks they need further treatment, suggests they come back.

Lloyd Furr and **Leonard Harrelson** are high-powered, fast-talking young men who run the American Bureau of Investigation in Washington, D. C. This private-eye agency was recently given some publicity by Fulton Lewis, Jr., who put on the air their recordings, made with concealed microphones, of conversations between allegedly lax public officials in his home county in Maryland. An article on Harrelson in the December, 1953, issue of *Adam,* a magazine that features informally dressed young women on its covers, made much of his prowess as a hypnotist. Before the American Bureau of Investigation was set up in 1952, his card read: "Leonard H. Harrelson, Hypnotist—Relieve Insomnia—Stop Smoking—Stop Drinking—Many Other Benefits." He thinks the polygraph is pretty good, too: "You can positively read a person's mind if you know how to run it. Get more information in an hour than by six weeks of ordinary investigating." Furr, who joined the firm last year and also doubles in hypnotism, was on the city police force for twelve years. Both partners are members of the Academy for Scientific Interrogation, although they are not certified by it. That doesn't bother them. "Who are they to pass on us?" they ask, a hard question indeed.

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The Government Gets Into the Act

In 1944 at the Papago Park, Arizona, war prisoners' camp, a captured German submarine crewman was found beaten and strangled in a barracks washroom. One prisoner admitted having heard another boast about the killing but refused to say who it was. "They killed Drechsler because he wasn't a good Nazi," was all he would say. "I wouldn't be a good Nazi if I told what I knew."

After several weeks of getting nowhere, the camp authorities consulted Colonel Ralph W. Pierce, who was then in charge of the Counter-Intelligence Corps School in Chicago. Colonel Pierce had heard of the work of Leonarde Keeler, and he asked Keeler to go down and see what could be done. The compound in which the reluctant informer lived contained forty barracks and a thousand men. Keeler put the prisoner on the polygraph and went through the whole forty, one by one: "Did the fellow who helped kill Drechsler live in Barrack 1? . . . in Barrack 2?" Over several hours, he got a consistent positive reaction on one barrack. He then named the prisoners in that barrack one by one, and finally concluded the man who had boasted about his part in the killing was one Otto Stenger. The process was repeated with Stenger (who admitted his guilt but refused to name the others) and, after three weeks of testing, Keeler was able to pick out seven prisoners, all of whom confessed and were executed.

Greatly impressed, Colonel Pierce bought the first Army polygraph for the Chicago Counter-Intelligence Corps School. This was the first important use made of the polygraph by a division of the Federal government. In August, 1945, Colonel Pierce, Keeler, Alex Gregory, Russell Chatham, and other leading polygraphers made the first use of the instrument for security-screening purposes: At Fort Getty, Rhode Island, where several hundred German prisoners had volunteered for police work with the occupation forces in Germany, several weeks of examinations screened out a third of the group as pro-Nazi or unsuitable for other reasons.

All branches of the armed services now use the polygraph in criminal work. It was made standard equipment in the Army's Criminal Investigation Division in the fall of 1948, and CID men were regularly trained at the Keeler school in the days when it was known as a diploma mill. The Army has been directly responsible for the two largest—and most controversial—lie-detection programs to which government employees have been subjected.

Oak Ridge

In February, 1946, a group of polygraphers led by Leonarde Keeler himself and including veterans like Alex Gregory as well as a relative newcomer, a former Indianapolis police officer of pleasing address named Russell Chatham, was invited by the Army Corps of Engineers, again through Colonel Pierce, to see what they could do about clearing personnel and preventing the "diversion"—or, less politely, theft—of fissionable materials at the Oak Ridge, Tennessee, atomic-bomb plant.

The group of polygraphers set up an experimental program limited to the few hundred employees who had access to the final-products building, and the program was a success. They detected some thefts of final product and got the material

McCARTHY vs. THE POLYGRAPH

NO ONE has tried more earnestly to expand the political use of the lie detector than the junior Senator from Wisconsin. Old King Cole did not call more insistently for his pipe and bowl than McCarthy has for his polygraph.

Way back in the spring of 1949, when the 205 (give or take a hundred) "card-carrying Communists" in the State Department were but a gleam in McCarthy's eye, he invoked the gadget in his first crusade against the U.S. Army—his attempt to prove that Army officers had extorted confessions from the SS men then awaiting execution for the Malmédy massacre of unarmed American prisoners. "I think you are lying!" he burst out at one Army witness. "I do not think you can fool the lie detector. You may be able to fool us. I have been told you are very, very smart. . . . I am convinced you cannot fool the lie detector."

In December, 1951, the Senator suggested that polygraph tests should at once be given to all government officials in "sensitive" posts. McCarthy later demanded that a lie test should be administered to Charles Bohlen, when he was appointed Ambassador to Soviet Russia by President Eisenhower. The idea was to lay bare certain subversive thoughts in Bohlen's mind that had hitherto been detectable only by McCarthy. More recently the Senator has proposed that everybody concerned in the case of *Schine* v. *U.S. Army* should be polygraphized. According to Russell Chatham, who directed the Atomic Energy Commission's polygraph program at Oak Ridge, the lie detector in the current McCarthy-Army controversy "would not be worth a tinker's dam, and any examiner proposing such use would be seeking nothing more than personal publicity."

SUCH AN obsession with the lie detector is odd in one with McCarthy's well-known concern for the truth. Perhaps a clue was offered in an article entitled "Limitations of the Lie Detector" which appeared in the *Journal of Criminal Law & Criminology* for January, 1950. The author, a penologist named Maurice Floch, lists three types of persons who cannot be effectively tested by the polygraph: (1) "the asocial, childish personality type" who feels no guilt about lying; (2) professional criminals, to whom "a lie is a perfectly acceptable instrument preferable to any silly concept of truth"; and (3) pathological liars, who have "lost the ability to distinguish between reality and fiction."

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back; they also uncovered a good deal of less sinister "diversion" of tools, work clothing, and even Kleenex (it was during the paper shortage). Some intangible gains were also to be made, such as: "Revelation of verbally unrevealed situations in the personal life of the personnel that could result in the disclosure of classified information under peculiar circumstances."

The authorities decided to go ahead with the program and a contract was duly signed, though not with Mr. Keeler but with the enterprising Mr. Chatham. When the Atomic Energy Commission took over Oak Ridge from the Army in 1947, it also took over the contract and, the following year, extended its scope to include eighteen thousand Oak Ridge employees.

Six full-time examiners were now working all year round for Russell Chatham, Inc., at Oak Ridge, asking the employees if they had been associated with subversives or talking about their work with outsiders, if they had filled out their security questionnaires truthfully, if they had any plans for sabotage, and if they intended to violate the security regulations. (One or two subjects proudly answered "Yes" to the last question, under the impression that "violate" meant "uphold.") A few employees in very sensitive jobs were required to take the test every three months as a condition of employment. The others were merely invited to take annual or semiannual tests "voluntarily." The quotation marks may be explained by the experience of one of the recalcitrants. "We were very promptly informed," he has reported, "that we would be regarded with suspicion, would not be allowed to handle classified work, and would be interviewed by our Security Department and reinvestigated by the FBI. I regret to say that my co-workers capitulated. I didn't and was given a pretty bad time for a while. Had not my immediate supervisors had confidence in me and respected my work, I feel sure I would already have been discharged."

It is impossible to say how common such resentment to the tests was at Oak Ridge. During the earlier limited program, one Oak Ridge official stated that resentment against the tests "was never a serious problem" and that "in fact, many workers have expressed pride in being on the 'polygraph list' because this is concrete recognition of the importance of their work." Supporting this sunny view was a statement made in 1951 by Morse Salisbury, Information Director of the AEC: "I think they love it there because it keeps security uppermost in a man's mind." Later on, when he was asked why the program had not been ex-

tended to other atomic plants, Mr. Salisbury reversed his field: "To introduce it now in a new place might create an uproar and might break morale."

EARLY IN 1951, the AEC began a study of the Oak Ridge program to determine its effectiveness and perhaps with the idea of extending it to other atomic plants if the findings were favorable. They were not. On April 2, 1953, the AEC announced "a new and restricted policy": The lie detector would no longer be used for mass screening but only "in specific cases of security interest at any AEC installation but on a voluntary basis and upon specific authorization, case by case, by the General Manager." When asked whether any such cases have in fact arisen since April, 1953, the Information Director replied, ". . . no instances have come *to my attention,*" an answer that would be more enlightening were the italics not his. The announcement of the "new and restricted policy" went on to say that, after studying "the use of the polygraph at Oak Ridge *and in other Federal Agencies* [my emphasis this time], the AEC has concluded that the machine's techniques offer only indeterminate marginal increase in security beyond that afforded by established . . . security measures. . . . [and that] the substantial cost of the Oak Ridge polygraph program in dollars, plus the intangible cost in employee morale, personnel recruitment and labor relations which might accrue from use of the machine substantially outweighed the limited advantage of polygraph use. The study showed there is little data available indicating that the polygraph has any value in detection of intent to commit sabotage or espionage, or sympathy with subversive movements or ideologies. Its . . . value was found to be in detection of pilferage."

The boom at Oak Ridge was by far the biggest thing that ever happened in the polygraph world. According to Chatham, during the seven years the program lasted, some fifty thousand tests were made of eighteen thousand individuals at a cost of $361,000. Stating he had been "personally and professionally damaged" by the AEC press release, Mr. Chatham issued a lengthy rebuttal, alleging that "loose talk" had decreased by seventy per cent under the program and that ten per cent of those asked about their questionnaires had admitted false answers.

Since the AEC has neither answered Mr. Chatham nor published the actual survey, one can only speculate. There are the usual number of "inside" stories floating around: that Mr. Chatham was the victim of a personal vendetta, that the program was too expensive (although he has pointed out that its cost averaged $50,000 a year as against a total of $1.5 million spent annually on security at Oak Ridge), and that the testing methods were unsound. "I have heard that these men examine employees at the rate of two to four an hour," a widely respected polygraphist wrote while the program was still going on. "It is my opinion that a thoroughgoing examination of one subject cannot be made in less than forty-five minutes to one hour. Conducting a polygraphic examination in fifteen or twenty minutes is comparable to making a complete physical examination in the same time."

'Repugnant, Abhorrent . . .'

While the Atomic Energy Commission was debating the value of the lie detector behind closed doors, the

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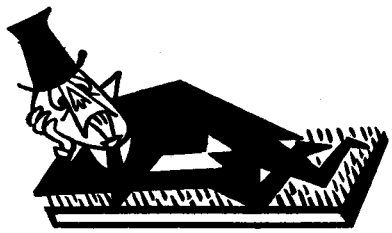
public got its first glimpse into the government's use of the device. On December 20, 1951, the New York *Times* ran a front-page story by Anthony Leviero that has the distinction of being the first survey of the use of the lie detector in Federal employment. Mr. Leviero revealed that the instrument was then used in the atomic plant at Oak Ridge, the State Department, the Central Intelligence Agency, and the Defense Department. His information on the first three was accurate, but the Defense Department was able to muddle and minimize its record then as it has done consistently ever since.

A month later, on January 17, 1952, the Defense Department was shoved unwillingly into the spotlight when Senator Wayne Morse made an angry speech about the use of the lie detector to screen "applicants for rather high civil positions in the Defense Establishment." One such applicant, perhaps stimulated by the Leviero story, had gone to the Senator, who was then a member of the Senate Armed Services Committee, and told him "some of the sensations that he, a free American citizen, experienced while undergoing such a test 'voluntarily' in order to get a job with his government."

The Senator's narrative was vivid: "He stated that he had the various parts of the lie detector strapped on his bare arms and on other bare parts of his body. . . . He said the only two persons in the room, himself and the operator . . . , went through the list of questions, under the instructions that he was to answer 'Yes' or 'No.' After the first time through the operator said to him, 'Now, Mr. X, . . . do you have any question or any doubt as to the correctness of your answers to any of the questions?' 'Yes,' he said, frankly, 'I do. . . . You asked me whether any of my relatives or friends entertained any Communist leanings or fellow-traveler sympathies. . . . I answered "No" because I do not know of any of them that do, but I have many friends and many relatives, and what puzzles me is: suppose that at some time in the future one of them shows up to be sympathetic to Communism or to be what we call a fellow traveler, where is that going to leave me?' He said, 'I am a little puzzled about that.' Apparently the operator thought that in view of that expression of doubt, he ought to go through the test again. . . . So he was put through the questions a second time . . . [and] a new question was [added] . . . the operator in a very dramatic way said, 'Now, Mr. X, I wish to ask you a very, very personal question—I repeat, a very, very personal question, and I wish to ask you whether you have any objections.' Mr. X . . . [replied], 'Fire away.' After that response, the operator said, 'Well, in view of your comment, it will not be necessary to ask the question. That is the end of the test.' Mr. X said that about twenty-four hours later he was called on the telephone and given a very brief message, as follows: 'I am sorry to advise you that you are non-usable.' "

MR. X'S EXPERIENCE seemed to Senator Morse a violation of "the basic guarantees of personal liberty and freedom set forth in the Constitution." While he did not object to the use of lie-detector evidence in



court "if properly submitted, surrounded with the procedural safeguards available to any defendant in an American courtroom," he did object to the use of lie detectors to screen applicants for government jobs.

Senator Morse concluded his speech with the warning that if he found "we cannot have a cessation of its use as an employment technique . . . I shall in due course of time introduce appropriate legislation . . . to protect free American citizens . . . from what I consider to be a repugnant, abhorrent, and outrageous procedure for hiring Government servants."

Secretary of Defense Robert H. Lovett, who was present at a meeting of the Senate Armed Services Committee where Senator Morse made his feelings known, said that "he was not aware of any such procedure" and promised an investigation. The investigation was made, the practice was found to exist, and several defense officials including Assistant Secretary Anna Rosenberg took the position that such procedure was repugnant to fair employment practices in government and agreed that it should be banned.

The Old Army Game

Just what meaning, if any, the Lovett-Rosenberg promise had is obscure. At the time of the Morse speech, Clayton Fritchie, the Defense Department's Information Director, told reporters that lie-detector tests had been abolished as a "repugnant practice." But the *Times* of February 17, 1952, carried a statement by an unnamed Defense spokesman that the polygraph was still used on job applicants and employees in very sensitive posts and noted that Secretary Lovett himself had approved the statement. The spokesmen said that the test was not compulsory but that an applicant forfeited his chance for the job unless he took the test.

Drew Pearson's column of March 1, 1952, accused Secretary Lovett of "doubletalk" and gave the text of the order he issued after Morse's protest as: "I desire that all use of the polygraph for pre-employment and security clearance purposes within the immediate office of the Secretary of Defense be discontinued." Mr. Pearson pointed out that the Secretary's "immediate office" was staffed by exactly twenty persons.

WHATEVER the facts may be about the immediate office of the Secretary of Defense, there is no doubt that the polygraph had been used on a mass scale for security screening in the National Security Agency of the Defense Department for a year before Senator Morse's speech.

What is worse, as we shall see from the case histories that will be presented in the second article of this series, lie detectors have been used ever since—in a flagrantly abusive manner—not only on thousands of employees in the National Security Agency but on at least two high officials of the State Department.

(The concluding article of Mr. Macdonald's series will appear in our June 22 issue.)

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The Suicidal Impulses Of Aneurin Bevan

WOODROW WYATT

LONDON

FAVORABLE economic winds had blown kindly on the Conservatives. Sir Winston Churchill, accused by certain opponents in the last general election of being less averse to war than the Labourites, had worked with some degree of success to convince the country that he was the greatest peacemonger of the century. The Labour Party, disturbed by internal arguments about rearmament, had taken time to find a sense of direction and purpose. By-elections steadily showed a strengthening of the Conservative Government's position and not the weakening that had been anticipated. Labour leaders were glumly aware that their prospects at the next election were not good.

Then, with the hydrogen-bomb explosions in the Pacific, a change came. Clement Attlee, the Labour Party leader, caught the mood of the country in one of the best speeches of his life, focusing without hysteria on the fears of the ordinary man as he stared amazed at the wonderful horrors of science. Sir Winston, unaccountably, made a deplorable showing by trying to reduce the issue to the level of a partisan squabble. That lowered the Government's stock. With the announcement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's new budget there was another distinct falling away of Government support. Mr. R. A. Butler, after a year spent in telling the country about its ever-mounting prosperity, had disappointingly failed to relieve it of a pennyworth of taxation.

At last the pendulum had begun its slow, hesitating move back toward Labour. The by-election at East Edinburgh on April 8, after the budget announcement, showed a substantial increase in the proportion of the vote given the Labour victor.

Mr. Bevan and the Applecart

It was at this moment, and on the very evening of the result of another by-election that showed a similar swing towards the Labour Party, that Aneurin Bevan, the party's perennial rebel, impetuously decided on another of his spectacular displays. It arose out of an incident in the House the day before. Mr. Attlee, on hearing Foreign Minister Anthony Eden's brief statement announcing that the possibilities of creating a defense pact in Southeast Asia were to be examined, pointed-

ly asked Mr. Eden to see that such a pact should not merely be one confined to European nations, and that it should not be one that could be represented as an attempt to bolster "obsolete colonialism" (a reference to the French in Indo-China). This was not good enough for Mr. Bevan, who rushed forward to denounce Mr. Eden, on behalf of the majority, as he claimed, of the Labour Party and, by implication, vehemently to repudiate Mr. Attlee.

That evening at a meeting of the Labour Party's Parliamentary Committee, Mr. Bevan's action in brushing his party leader aside was criticized. Next day Mr. Bevan told the Committee that in view of the criticism made of him for what he had done the day before he would resign from it. Later the same evening he issued a statement attacking the leadership of the Labour Party for its failure to be more hostile to the Churchill Government over Indo-China and recalling that he had also disagreed with it on the question of German rearmament. Already Mr. Bevan had begun to widen the area of disagreement on which his resignation was ostensibly founded, in order to make an appeal to the rank and file of Labour. He did exactly the same when he resigned from the Labour Government in 1951 because a charge had been put on false teeth and spectacles under socialized medicine, explaining subsequently that he had resigned because of the rearmament program.

IN 1951 Mr. Bevan's resignation coalesced all the dissident elements—pacifists, neutralists, near fellow travelers, and the lunatic fringe of the Left. However, he made much less headway with the Parliamentary Labour Party—the element alone charged with the responsibility of electing a leader—which remained as cool toward him as ever. Nevertheless, perceptible changes were made in party policy.

So, although the prize of leadership was still far from Mr. Bevan's grasp, he could undoubtedly claim on that occasion that he had influenced the official policy of the Labour Party. There was even a chance that if Mr. Bevan continued to remain a reasonably co-operative member of the Parliamentary Committee the hostility to him as a leader would diminish. But now he has precipitated new dissension and bitterness.

The first to rejoice were the Conservatives. Split parties have won British elections before, but no party as split as the Labour Party is, for

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the moment at any rate, has ever succeeded. The pendulum that anguished Conservatives saw beginning its swing has been visibly checked. The realization of this has produced among the rank and file of the Labour Party a reaction different from that caused by Mr. Bevan's previous resignation. The dissident elements were then united under his leadership, and felt themselves to be gaining ground. Many of them cannot understand why it was necessary for Mr. Bevan to resign over what he described as differences in policies when it seemed to them that the Labour leadership was in the process of absorbing considerable doses of Bevanism.

The Loyalty Issue

In the Labour Party the extreme Left has emotional assets. It can appeal to the latent and traditional pacifism of the party. It can play on neutralism. It can appeal to the somewhat impractical Utopianism which is naturally found among socialists who long to see the world a better place. After the war, Mr. Attlee, Ernest Bevin, and Sir Stafford Cripps did a tremendous educative work in compelling the Labour Party to face some of the immovable realities of economics and foreign affairs. They secured the party's backing for firmness in international dealings and for a larger rearmament program. But for many it was a reluctant backing: The emotional source Mr. Bevan tapped was the desire to be rid of the less attractive responsibilities that office had brought to the Labour Party.

The Center and Right of the Labour movement have only one advantage: loyalty. Stanch adherence to majority decisions and determination at all costs to preserve the unity of the party in the face of the political enemy are their forte. When Mr. Bevan resigned in 1951 he managed in some degree to escape the charge of disloyalty from the political side of the movement although he incurred it from the trade unions. This time, however, his reasons for resigning are not so widely condoned.

Reynolds News, a left-wing Sunday newspaper, remarked that it agreed with Mr. Bevan's policies but thought that he had mistimed his resignation. Harold Wilson, who resigned in 1951 in sympathy with Mr. Bevan, has now decided to fill the vacancy made by Mr. Bevan's resignation from the Parliamentary Committee. In his letter of acceptance he observed that he agreed with Mr. Bevan's views but significantly added: "Nevertheless, what matters in the last resort is the unity and strength of the party."

MR. BEVAN has suddenly found that some of his closer supporters are at variance with him and that many of the others are bewildered and shocked. Out of the 280 Labour Members of Parliament, he could never count on the firm support of more than about fifty, and he has now grievously weakened his hold on these. Their distress has not been lessened by the fact that although Mr. Bevan claimed that the major reason for his resignation was disagreement over Indo-China, there now seem to be no differences of

policy between him and the Labour leaders and even the Churchill Government. Sir Winston's statement on April 27 refusing British intervention in Indo-China was regarded as so satisfactory by Labour that when the Parliamentary Labour Party met to discuss the problem of Indo-China, under an arrangement that had been made before Churchill's statement, the meeting adjourned with nobody having anything to say.

Although Mr. Bevan failed on the Indo-China issue, he has had and will have much more success with his campaign against German rearmament. Here there is a genuine difference of view between him and the leadership. The issue of German rearmament cuts the Labour Party roughly in half, with only a tiny majority in favor of the official view that it is no longer appropriate to seek to delay a west German defense contribution. However, many who are opposed to West German rearmament are as much, or more, opposed to Mr. Bevan. For instance, Hugh Dalton, a former Chancellor of the Exchequer, and A. Robens, the former Minister of Labour, both members of the Parliamentary Committee, are violently against German rearmament but would under no circumstances support Mr. Bevan for the leadership.

Ambition the Betrayer

Mr. Bevan has gained nothing in his personal political struggle by his resignation—which he probably now regrets. On the contrary, he has put himself even further away from the actual leadership. At last there seems a likelihood that many ordinary members of the Labour Party who previously admired him will realize that his most recent action has less to do with politics than with his personality. Tom Williamson, General Secretary of the 800,000-strong National Union of General and Municipal Workers, commenting on the resignation, said: "There has never been much room for those who take their shoulders from the wheel and run away just because they are refused the sole right to direct operations." This view will be reflected throughout the unions.

Hitherto suggestions that Aneurin Bevan acts largely from personal ambition were usually discounted. Now that he has overreached himself, the nature of his opposition to the leadership is seen more clearly. In his resentment at the impossibility of getting rid of Mr. Attlee, his overweening ambition, temporarily at least, has tripped him up.

HE WILL now aim to build support for himself in a direct offensive on the leadership by ceaselessly denouncing it for lack of socialist faith. His power to damage both the Labour Party and the country should not be underrated. There is great unease in the party about German rearmament and he will play on it as hard as he can. He will be less able to make political capital out of Labour fears of the American possession and development of the hydrogen bomb because of Mr. Attlee's astonishingly

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successful speech on the subject in the House. But he will undoubtedly flog the anti-American theme the hardest of all.

For a variety of reasons, those who resent American displacement of Britain as the leading power of the free world are to some extent allied to those who fear that American recklessness may plunge Britain into a third world war with Russia and China, which Britain may fail to prevent because of too great an acquiescence in American foreign policy. It is easier to make some Labour audiences believe that America is the greatest menace to peace than it is to make them aware of the danger of Russia. There is a mood which wants to believe well of Russia and which can believe nothing but ill of America.

Magnified Pinpricks

Every failure of America to consult with Britain, every apparent slight or pinprick will be magnified by Mr. Bevan. He will do everything he can to minimize the danger from Communism and accentuate any incident, however trivial, that can be used to divide Britain from America. Senator McCarthy and others have genuinely shocked Britain. It will be Mr. Bevan's purpose to portray American foreign policy as dictated by such people and to nourish the belief that Britain has become subservient to a country which, through witch hunts and the like, has become almost indistinguishable in lack of tolerance from Russia and is even more likely to provoke war. It is probable that he will again overreach himself in this campaign, but in the process he is bound to damage Anglo-American relations.

Mr. Bevan can never now be the leader of the Labour Party, but he may be able to pull it away from the path of common sense to an extent that may appear alarming so long as the Labour Party is not in power. But when a Labour Government returns, the yawings off the line will be corrected, and Mr. Bevan, despite the magnetism and the glamorous oratorical gifts that make him a hero to so many, will be reduced to the status of a guerrilla leader—powerful and annoying, but not able to win a decisive victory against the official Labour leadership.

Tangier Contemplates Recession As Franco Contemplates Tangier

CLAIRE STERLING

TANGIER

IN THE ANNUAL parade of Arab artisans—carpenters, metalsmiths, shoemakers—held to celebrate the feast of Baharrakia, there is a special place reserved for spies and informers. Espionage is a respected craft in this international free port, and has helped to support the local population for many years.

But the trade, like many others in Tangier, has fallen on hard times. Most spies are unemployed these days, and those who do have jobs cannot make a decent living.

The port's practiced smugglers are also in decline. There is still some prestige and profit attached to holding "a good job in contraband." But the prospects are nothing like they were during the war, when this neutral harbor attracted the contraband goods of three continents. Such goods can now travel through the Mediterranean as freely as a consignment of clothespins.

Even legitimate business is beginning to feel the blight. The capital that was brought into the zone just after the war to avoid currency controls, taxes, and revolutions is beginning to go back home. It is leaving behind a mile of retail shops along the Boulevard Pasteur, overstocked with Westinghouse refrigerators, General Electric dishwashers, Elizabeth Arden cold cream, and Patek Philippe watches. It is also leaving a string of minor bankruptcies and a thousand vacant apartments, some of which have never been occupied.

The Tangerines are telling themselves they have nothing to be alarmed about. The city, they say, is merely "shaking down to normalcy" after a long artificial boom. But what this normalcy may turn out to be no one knows, since all through history the situation in Tangier has never been precisely normal.

Tangier, a semicircle of 225 square miles at the northwest tip of Africa, has had an unnatural existence since the Age of Fable, when Hercules made it into one of the most strategic positions on the globe by destroying, with a thrust of his shoulder, the isthmus connecting Iberia and Africa. Ever since then Tangier has been courted and fought over by every power that has tried to control the Mediterranean Sea or the coast on either side. After being in the hands of the Phoenicians, the territory passed to the Romans (38 B.C.), Byzantines (A.D. 541), Visigoths (621), Arabs (707), Portuguese (1471), Spaniards (1578), Portuguese again (1640), British (1662), and Arabs again (1684). It was bombarded by the Spaniards in 1790 and by the French in 1844, was selected as the capital of Morocco in 1856, and thereafter almost caused a war among the French, Spanish, British, and Germans before it was internationalized after the Algeciras Conference of 1906.

Many Masters

By sea, Tangier lies within sight of Gibraltar, the Atlantic, and the Mediterranean. On land, it is surrounded by the small Spanish Zone of Morocco, beyond which lies the much larger French Zone. Like these other lands, Tangier still belongs officially to the Sherifian Empire of Morocco, though the Sultan has permanently delegated all administrative powers to the eight nations that run it under the terms of the Algeciras covenant: France, Spain, Italy, Britain, Holland, Belgium, Portugal, and the United States. The American role is limited, since Washington still recognizes the territory diplomatically as part of Morocco, with which the United States signed its first treaty of friendship in 1786. Russia, also a signatory to the Algeciras agreement, has the right to a place on the Control Committee, but so far has not asked for one;

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so far as is known, there is not a single Soviet citizen in the area.

Each of the eight powers is in Tangier to keep the others from taking it over. Any nation that got a grip on this bit of coast could cork up the Mediterranean. If their main concern is to watch over each other, however, the eight powers also have the responsibility of creating something like a viable economy for an indigenous population of 105,000 Arabs and 15,000 Jews, who have nothing in particular to live on except an interesting spot on the map.

Freest Little Enterprise Ever

The governing nations have tried to solve Tangier's economic problems by making it a realm of seductively free enterprise. Aside from a standard 13.5 per cent customs duty on almost everything and a regulation requiring an import license for arms, drugs, and tobacco, there are no controls at the frontier—no health inspections, no visas, no currency questionnaires, and no other questions asked.

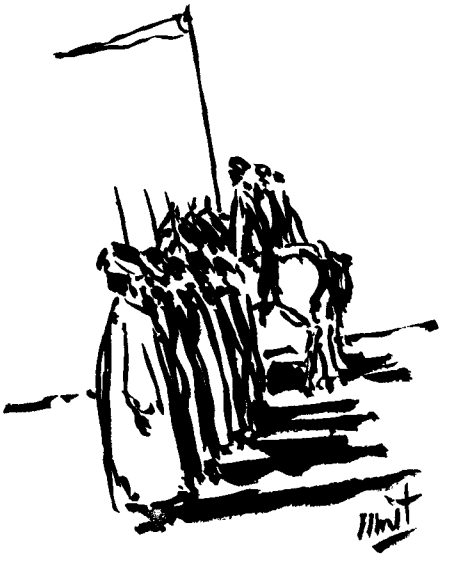
Inside the zone, there are no income taxes, no social-security taxes, no corporation taxes, and no inheritance, radio, gasoline, or sales taxes. Anyone can form a company simply by registering its name. Anyone can set up a bank simply by announcing the fact that he has done it. And a bank account can be opened under any name or even, if the depositor chooses, under the letter "Z." Currency can be exchanged, imported, or exported without being reported. Gold coming in to be stored is not only admitted without charge but draws interest while resting in a vault. If it is brought out for use, the customs charge is only 7.5 per cent. Once that is paid, it can be bought or sold at any price; there are stalls in the Grand Souk—the central market—where gold is offered wholesale, like cartons of soap flakes.

There are, moreover, no legal standards for building, no inspections of any food put up for sale, no restrictions on marriage or divorce, and no autopsies or death certificates.

While there are some shortcomings in this formula, as the Tangerines are beginning to learn, it is very profitable during periods of international instability. Tangier has prospered on worry since 1939 and positively bloomed on it since 1945. Between the end of the Second World War and the beginning of the Korean War, Tangier became a haven not only for genuinely displaced persons but also for the wealthiest of Europe's anxiety set, to whom the free port's promise of profit as well as protection looked even more attractive than the gilt-edged security of Switzerland. Along with them came all the professionals who make a living on the anxiety of the rich—con men, black marketeers, promoters, gamblers, prostitutes, procurers, and quack doctors. (An unfortunate Italian count had his side pierced with a standard carpenter's drill by a Hungarian "physician" who had diagnosed his trouble as being "too bloated with liquids.")

Gold, Air-Wick, Cutex

Between 1946 and 1952, the total European population of Tangier increased to fifty thousand, and the



quantity of gold stored in vaults reached fifty tons, worth just under $50 million.

In the same period, another fifty million dollars was invested in construction. A whole new city was grafted onto the old—a modern, impersonal, rather ugly city, with shops, hotels, restaurants, and prices so familiar to the Europeans that, as they often say, "We can hardly believe we're in Africa."

The boom brought prosperity to almost everybody. Although Arab workers could earn no more than seventy-five cents a day for laying bricks or mixing cement, even this made a big difference in their buying power—and, simultaneously, in their taste for manufactured goods. There is striking evidence of this in the Souk, where under a roof of plaited reeds the Moors crowd into the narrow, twisted streets to gossip, shop, barter, beg, and pray. Though most of the Arab women are still veiled, and swathed in hooded *jellabahs* from head to ankles, many of them now wear patent-leather sandals instead of the traditional heelless *babouches;* and, under the same kind of *jellabahs,* many of the men wear European shirts and ties.

The bazaars themselves are cluttered with the products of two worlds: clumps of fresh dates and cans of Carnation Milk; mounds of spices and bottles of Air-Wick; ceremonial robes stiff with embroidery and cheap printed cottons; inlaid silver bowls and aluminum kitchen pots; spreads of rich silk and rayon underwear; heavily jeweled silver bracelets and ten-cent-store "Hands of Fatima" for luck; hand-woven rugs and machine-made doormats; jars of kohl and Cutex nail polish.

Jobs in construction, domestic service, and small trade also brought something like affluence to the twenty thousand Spaniards who are the poor whites of the European community, and the increased level of general activity brought comfortable incomes to the middle class. But as is often the case, to those who already had a good deal of money the most was given.

Some people were satisfied with a single good killing and a getaway as soon as conditions in France or Italy were safe enough to warrant their return. Others, who took the beginning of truce negotiations in Korea as a warning that peace might break out throughout the world, began to liquidate their investments two years ago and put their money back into gold.

THE CLIMATE has been described by an enthusiastic guidebook as being "stimulating and sedative at the same time." The temperature never

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goes under fifty-five or over seventy-three degrees Fahrenheit all year round. Flowers bloom prodigally in both winter and summer, and even the smallest garden includes orange blossoms and mimosa. This benign atmosphere is marred by neither intellectual nor political tension; the owner of one of Tangier's largest bookshops claims his only passionate interest is soccer, and there hasn't been a political meeting—or even a wall poster—in Tangier for two decades. Best of all, the residents are delightfully free from bureaucratic interference.

Oh Lord, How the Money Rolls In

The Tangier Control Commission observes a benevolent unconcern in the affairs of its constituents. Nor is this surprising, considering its lack of duties. By international agreement, each nation with a consulate in Tangier takes care of the education and medical needs of its resident citizens, while the Mendoub—Ambassador for the Moroccan Sultan—takes similar responsibility for the Arabs. Spain provides the soldiers necessary for the zone's security.

Accordingly, the Control Committee has no schools or hospitals to run, no standing army to maintain, no elections to worry about, no revenues to collect except a few minor yearly taxes and customs charges, and no other financial burdens except to support the magistracy and to spend, for public works, anything left over from a budget that ran a surplus averaging approximately one hundred per cent from 1947 to 1950.

Until recently, in fact, one of the Committee's biggest headaches was to spend this surplus fast enough. Aside from building roads and waterworks, it put a large sum into native housing, completing a thousand units before the money began to run low. It also experimented with traffic lights, some of which are now strung up along the Boulevard Pasteur but don't work. A traffic police booth was set up in the Place de France, but the Committee felt obliged to tear it down when large numbers of natives insisted on mistaking the structure for a public urinal.

Their relatively light duties have left members of the administrative staff almost as carefree as the zone's wealthier residents, and the leisure has not always been made to serve virtuous ends. Some, tempted by spare time and the diplomatic pouch, have gone in for amateur smuggling, arousing the contempt of the experts. According to some of the old hands hereabout, the letters "CD" on consular automobile plates stand not for "Corps Diplomatique" but rather for "Contrabandiste Distingué."

In a setting where nearly everyone has too much time on his hands, living the high life is expensive. If the bars will stay open all night to serve a lone drinker, they'll also charge him Stork Club prices, without the same quality or service. Pornographic pictures cost the American sailor twice as much in Tangier as anywhere else around the Mediterranean. The forty-five licensed brothels are said to be the dreariest in Europe.

The lack of government control presents dangers as well as compensations. The absence of investment and corporation regulations almost guarantees the fleecing of the weak, and for every fortune made at least two have been lost for want of elementary legal protection. The absence of food laws has permitted such tricks as the substitution of goat's milk for cow's milk, with the consequent threat of Maltese fever. The fact that neither autopsies nor death certificates are compulsory has encouraged a bland lawlessness that results in many incidents of violence going unreported.

Officially, Tangier has the lowest crime rate in the world. Gold ingots are wheeled through the streets on barrows without any armed guards; few killings are ever registered on the police blotter; and the only crime to come up frequently in the courts is petty theft, inspired—so magistrates say—by American movies about crime in Tangier. But every year a few people die of unknown causes or disappear without a trace. Unless political motives are suggested—which would immediately involve the French police and the Spanish-run *Bureau Mixte* (the zone's secret intelligence agency) — such deaths pass unnoticed. Occasionally the dead are not even allowed to rest in their graves. A former lady spy who bought a cemetery plot for her husband some years back discovered later that his body had been removed and replaced by another, the same plot having been resold at a higher price. She has been trying to get her money back ever since.

The Control Committee's easy-going ways may cause no great alarm in times of unshadowed prosperity. But they can be a source of bad trouble in a recession or depression, which may be what Tangier is in for. The very menace of such economic difficulty is heightened by the fact that the zone has no positive government.

The True Tangerines

Although few members of the European community stop to think about it much, they are, most of them, interlopers in the zone. The true Tangerines are the Arabs, and the Arabs are not so much Tangerines as Moroccans—and the relationship in French Morocco between Moors and Europeans is not a promising one. Only once in recent years has Tangier felt the repercussions of that struggle. In March, 1952, the Arab population suddenly set about smashing French shop windows on the Boulevard Pasteur, wrecking cars and rioting in the streets. Nine people were killed that Black Sunday and 160 wounded. But the incident was so unprecedented that the people in the New City quickly dismissed it as a temporary aberration.

There is no doubt, however, of

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the strong nationalist current spreading through the native quarter. It has been checked for a long time by the relative prosperity of the Arabs and by their recognition of their own stake in making Tangier an inviting refuge for Europe's rich. But if Europe's rich no longer find it inviting, Arab unrest will surely increase.

Franco's Not-So-Secret Yen

The situation is further complicated by French-Spanish rivalry for control of Tangier. Franco has been greedy for the zone ever since he came to power. He managed to take it over in 1940, during the confusion of wartime, and hold it until 1945. He obviously would like to grab it again if international conditions will let him. He has always cultivated Arab friendship with this policy in mind, and he stands in better than ever with the Moors now because of his refusal to recognize the new Sultan who was put on the Moroccan throne by the French last August.

Because of their own interests in Morocco as well as a deep-seated conviction that Tangier should really belong to them, the French could never tolerate Spanish control of Tangier.

The two powers have therefore been fighting a quiet diplomatic war behind the peaceful façade of the Control Committee. Spain has recently scored several administrative victories, the latest being assumption of control over the very useful *Bureau Mixte*.

Where Spain will go from there depends on its relations with the other nations represented on the Committee, especially the United States, with whom a beautiful friendship has burgeoned since the Spanish-American treaty was signed last year.

NONE OF THIS should discourage the tourist looking for climate, scenery, and a fair amount of excitement. The sun still shines in Tangier at least two hundred days a year. A fifty-cent taxi ride will reveal some of the finest scenery on two oceans and two continents. And there is no better teller of tall stories than the unemployed spy in a Moorish café.

The Pakistan-Turkey Pact: Many Bricks, Little Mortar

WILLIAM CLARK

THE SIGNING of the Pakistan-Turkey pact has proved one of the most revolutionary occurrences in the Middle East since the end of the war. Among people interested in politics in that area, "the Pact," as it is simply called, is the main topic of conversation and argument.

Two countries a thousand miles apart, neither of them great powers, neither of them the leaders of a regional bloc, decided to sign a very vague treaty of friendship. The extraordinary interest in this is based on the conviction that the agreement is an expression of American policy. It is regarded as the first attempt at a purely American policy for the Middle East, and as a rival policy to the British military strategy based on the Suez Canal.

This assumption of American paternity is fully justified. If any one man should be regarded as responsible, it is Avra M. Warren, now U.S. Ambassador to Turkey and, until recently, Ambassador to Pakistan. Mr. Warren realized some years ago that Pakistan was a new state looking for friends, and the policy of American aid to Pakistan and of the alliance with Turkey flows directly from that realization.

In strategic terms the idea of roping Russia off from the Mediterranean with a northern tier of defenses based on Turkey is nothing new. It was the policy for which Britain and France fought the Crimean War a century ago. It is a revival of that policy of alliance between the British in India and the Ottoman Empire which Lord Salisbury described at the turn of the century as "backing the wrong horse."

Is American today about to repeat the British mistake? Is the Pakistan-Turkey alliance, which America backs, the wrong horse?

First of all let us recognize that this is only the foundation of a policy; it is not yet in any way complete. Turkey and Pakistan are two buttresses, but between them lies Iran, and in their hinterland lies the Arab League; none of these countries has at present any connection with the pact. In judging the wisdom of the new American policy it is necessary to estimate how strong the buttresses are, and to what extent other countries in the area can be associated with the pact.

Turkey: Booming but Overdrawn

Turkey has emerged as the model Marshall Plan country. In the past six years the revolution of Atatürk has been completed with American aid. The country which thirty years ago was a backward Moslem state, and ten years ago had an almost wholly undeveloped economy, has got firmly started on the path to full modern industrialization.

The building of roads by American engineers has opened up the country in six years, as the Middle West of America was opened up in the thirty years after the Civil War. The peasants of Anatolia who had never been outside their villages now ride to town in slow state on their Peoria-built tractors. The towns are being rebuilt along American lines, with twelve-story concrete buildings jostling the older clapboard-fronted structures.

This sudden boom contains its own drawback; Turkey is overdrawn in every national bank in Europe because the newly rich peasants have demanded consumer goods that are not produced in Turkey. Yet there is no difficulty in raising further loans abroad because bankers in Hamburg, Milan, and Paris all see that Turkey will be an increasingly profitable market, and that its temporary embarrassment will be overcome—if necessary by American loans or gifts.

The most striking feature about Turkey is that even though it owes such a debt of gratitude to America,

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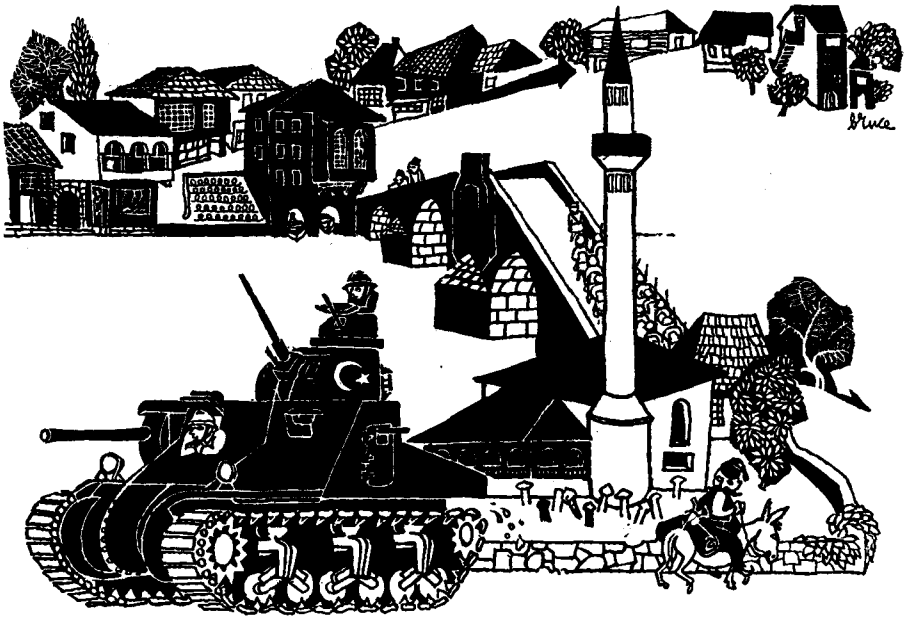
there is less anti-Americanism than in any other European country. Turkey has such overwhelming self-confidence and such a deep-rooted belief in the virtues of modernization that there is no resentment at learning what America has to teach.

IN FOREIGN POLICY America has nothing to teach Turkey in the art of being anti-Russian. In my conversation with Fuat Köprölü, the Turkish Foreign Minister, his contemptuous attitude toward Russia reminded me of many talks with the Soviets' northern neighbors, the Finns. Köprölü, a small, swarthy man, seemed almost buried under a deskful of disarranged papers, but, like most of his countrymen, he exuded confidence that Turkey possessed the political philosopher's stone in its policies of modernization and westernization. The Russians he considered traditional enemies, powerful but barbarian. The Arab states he seemed to dismiss as hopelessly sunk in Islamic darkness. Until the Arab states were modernized and secularized, he said, no Turk could take them seriously as in any way valuable allies. The alliance with Pakistan and the "Balkan alliance" (with Yugoslavia and Greece) he regarded as absolutely necessary to stop Russia from outflanking Turkey. M. Köprölü seemed utterly confident that Russia could now be prevented from moving into the Middle East, even though he recognized that Iran was a weak spot.

How far is such confidence justified? It is hard for a layman to judge on military matters, especially as the Turkish Army takes its security so seriously that large parts of the country are forbidden even to the diplomatic representatives of foreign powers. But competent military observers told me that they had some reservations about the efficiency of the Turkish Army. It is brave, well disciplined, and before long will be well equipped, but the General Staff has not fought a war since 1923, and it appears remarkably conservative. An attempt to shake up the senior officers and introduce some of those who had fought in Korea failed recently, and the Minister of Defense who made the attempt was replaced.



It is also undeniable that the modernization of Turkey is only skin-deep. Machines tend to be neglected; accounting systems are often very haphazard; prices are still regarded as a matter for bargaining rather than as an indication of value.

But these criticisms are superficial. Fundamentally Turkey is a good bet. It is modernizing and democratizing, even if it has not completed those processes. It is above all a state that recognizes the presence of danger and the need for collective security.

Isolationist Pakistan

The picture in Pakistan at first sight seems almost as cheerful. The government has a remarkable degree of talent within it, and it has firmly turned away from the reactionary policy of making Pakistan a theocratic Moslem state. "Down with Mullahism!" is neatly stenciled by obliging lawbreakers on the outside of most government buildings; the final draft of the new constitution, which is now before the Constituent Assembly for approval, does indeed give very little scope to the religious fanatics. If this constitution is adopted, Pakistan will be a modern, secular state.

The source of this fresh, modern outlook is the Prime Minister, Mohammad Ali. His upbringing and experience as Pakistan's representative in Ottawa and Washington have given him a postwar western outlook. Indeed, in talking to him I was struck by the extent to which his point of view coincided with intelligent British or American strategic thinking. He kept turning to a vast map of the world painted on one wall of his study to point out just where the danger of Russian expansion was greatest, and how he believed it could be checked. He fully recognized the hole in his own defenses represented by Iran's weakness, but he had great hopes that Pakistan could lead the way to a collective-security pact in the Middle East. Unlike M. Köprölü, he spoke warmly of the Arab League and hoped that Pakistan's Moslem heritage would attract the League countries toward the pact.

What struck me most in both Pakistan and India was the profound isolationism of the people. Their interest lies at home in economic problems, in the relations of the provinces to the center.

Only two international problems touch Indians or Pakistanis: their mutual antipathy to each other and their joint antipathy to any form of colonialism. Otherwise the world picture is a blank.

IT IS PLEASANT to suppose that Pakistan's acceptance of American military aid and its alliance with Turkey—a member of NATO—indicate a growing awareness of the need for wider horizons. That is true of the Cabinet but utterly untrue of the people. The people of Pakistan accept American aid because

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Mr. Nehru has said they should *not* do so; for them it is part of an anti-Indian policy, not part of a pro-western policy.

As long as the quarrel with India continues, Pakistan will be a weak ally whose attention is mainly directed to its frontiers with India, rather than to the outside. Nevertheless, by association with the western world Pakistan may become less hypnotized by the quarrel, more prepared to recognize its larger interests. By being treated as a dependable ally, Pakistan may become a more dependable ally.

In particular by association with its Middle Eastern neighbors, Pakistan may gradually lose some of its isolationism, and may become relatively a source of strength to those weak and divided states.

Missing Link: Iran

These are not very convincing reasons for regarding Pakistan as a bastion of the free world, but there is a notable lack of such ready-made bastions in the area. A weak friend is better than an enemy or even than a nation indifferent to the great issues of the time.

The terrible weakness and political confusion of the Middle East are summed up in Iran, which is the missing link in the Pakistan-Turkey chain. Here is a country economically bankrupt, politically paralyzed, militarily impotent, having a long frontier with Russia, a large, active, and well-directed Communist Party, and an unresolved squabble with the West.

The extraordinary thing is that the relatively pro-western Government of General Zahedi has remained in power for so long, even though it has little capacity to act. Dr. Mossadegh languishes in jail, but he is still probably the most popular figure in the country, and it is significant that his guards are changed every day for fear that they may be won over by his persuasive tongue.

Dr. Mossadegh's popularity is based on his success in achieving Iran's national ideal, which is isolation. To have quarreled successively with Russia, Britain, and America entitled him to the affection of a people whose dearest wish is to be left alone. The present Government of General Zahedi has little popular support (election results notwithstanding) because it recognizes that the Iranian ideal of splendid isolation is impractical.

Iran's Foreign Minister, Abdullah Entezam (his brother, Nasrollah, is the Ambassador to Washington and representative at the U.N.) has a long connection with the West, and he made it quite plain to me that he wished to bring Iran back out of isolation into the western camp. But his interpretation of the western camp is not military; he does not, and knows he politically could not, bring Iran into any military alliance. When I asked him about his attitude to the Pakistan-Turkey alliance he reminded me of Bismark's saying: "In every alliance there is a horse and a rider."

As BOTH the Turkish and Pakistani leaders have pointed out, Iran's weakness is a threat to their flanks. The pact cannot have much military significance until the gap is somehow plugged. How is this to be done? Iran, after experience of Anglo-Russian occupations in two wars, will not readily agree to Turkey or Pakistan (or any other power) having bases on its soil. Iranian strength must be built from within.

That means first of all that the oil problem must be solved, and as soon as it is solved royalties must start flowing into the treasury. It would be disastrous, however, if Iran were urged to use that money mainly for military purposes. The internal threat of Communism is at least as great as the external menace, and unless the benefits of association with the West are felt by the people and not just by the Army, the association will be built on sand.

Iran cannot be transformed into an ally or even a strong neutral overnight. It is still where Turkey was thirty years ago, having just begun the process of modernization. If it is pulled too rapidly into military association with its neighbors, there is great danger that the Government will simply find that it has lost all control.

The American and Turkish exponents of the new northern-tier defense tend to regard the Suez Canal Zone bases as obsolete. They are probably right, yet they tend to overlook the fact that unless the pact has the good will of the Arab states it will be a dangerously thin crust, always in danger of being outflanked. British military and political thinking (with the exception of the Prime Minister and thirty-five Conservative backbenchers) has abandoned the idea of holding the Egyptian base, but unanimously insists that the Middle East cannot be defended without Arab good-will. It is therefore a severe weakness of the pact that it has received so much abuse from the Arab League.

I asked Egyptian Prime Minister Nasser point blank just why he was so opposed to the pact, and he replied with the devastating frankness that characterizes him that it was because it weakened Egypt in its negotiations with Britain. There are only two problems that really interest the politically literate part of the population: Israel and the evacuation of the Canal Zone. Once the Canal Zone problem has been solved (and I believe it will be soon), there would be no obstacle to a general alliance between the Arab countries and the West. The Israel problem would remain acute, but it is not relevant in this context. It could more easily be solved once the Arab countries were on reasonable terms with the West.

WESTERN diplomats must bear in mind that the political priorities of the Middle East are different from those of the North Atlantic. In none of these countries, except perhaps Turkey, does the menace of Russian expansion appear as the overriding problem. The internal danger of Communism is in fact greater, and the external danger of Russia seems less acute, than in America or Britain. In terms of political priority, military security therefore always ranks lower than economic development. The principal reason that this does not apply to Turkey is that its economic development has gone so far.

For the West the lesson is that a purely military approach will mean building a wall of bricks without mortar; governments may join a military alliance but there will be no popular support for it; the wall may look fine but it will collapse if it is pushed.

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Chungking, 1939, To Geneva, 1954

PEGGY DURDIN

GENEVA

IT IS a routine Chinese press conference; the accusations against the United States are old and stale. They have been heard before. Suddenly some turn of phrase, some inflection of the spokesman's flat Yangtze Valley voice jerks the listener to another time and place. He is many thousands of miles away, looking at these same faces—seven, ten, fifteen years ago in China.

They were the "outs" in those days—Chou En-lai and his little group of lieutenants who today sweep grandly up to the Palais des Nations in big Russian cars flanked by security agents and police. Those were the days when they lived cramped together dormitory fashion in bare ugly houses in Chungking, Nanking, Shanghai—watched openly by Kuomintang agents who looked exactly like third-rate actors trying to play the part of spies.

Those were the days when they deplored dictatorship, when they avoided praise of Russia, when they seemed free and relaxed with foreigners, when they sought the friendship of Americans. Any foreign diplomat or correspondent in search of information could find them affable and talkative in their headquarters or could argue and joke with them over spiced duck, peppery bean curd, and warm rice wine in little Chinese restaurants.

Those were the years from 1939 to 1947, when Chou was the official representative of the Yenan Communists to the Chinese National Government. Foreigners sometimes speculated whether this Communist with the intelligent face and bright restless eyes would ever be trusted again after these years of exposure to the Kuomintang and the foreigners by his comrades in the caves of Northwest China. And here he is today in Geneva, not liquidated, not shelved, but promoted—China's Premier and Foreign Minister. The same five or six young Chinese who used to be his chief contact men with foreigners are here with him too—all now important officials in his Foreign Ministry. They are all actors in this drama called "being the spokesman for Asia, the partner of Russia, the great fifth power at Geneva," a performance that involves elegant accommodations, big cars, press conferences, and receptions.

The City of Fog

This is another world from that of Chungking from 1939 to 1946. A revolution has happened since. Chungking was a mass of sun-scorched fog. of gray cliffs jutting straight up between two rivers, disfigured with millions of dingy shacks, swarming with people, bombed over and over by Japanese planes flying low and slow with perfect impunity, a great sandstone rock honeycombed with hand-chiseled tunnels from which, after Japanese air raids, the indomitable Chinese rushed to rebuild shattered shops and homes almost before the fragments had time to settle. Chungking was in the still hopeful period when there was a truce at least in name between Chiang's National Government and Mao Tse-tung's Communists, when Japan was marching over China but not really conquering it, when time, exile, and defeat had not yet eaten like a slow, incurable disease into the body of the Kuomintang Government.

Chou En-lai

Chou En-lai was there—a veteran Communist, "Long March" leader, ruthless underground conspirator—but for the time being above-ground, legal and respectable, Yenan's representative in the capital. Living in a tiny house not far from Chiang Kai-shek's mansion, alternately wearing Chinese clothes and European suits, he looked like a man who mattered but was not really dangerous. One would see him jovial and smiling at public functions with the very Chinese officials whom he intended to destroy and who had spent years trying to destroy him and his Communist co-workers. In those long-dead days foreign diplomats and newspapermen found the twinkling-eyed Chou not only accessible but courteous, witty, intelligent, as he complained that only Communist troops fought the Japanese while Kuomintang troops attacked the Communists. The truth, of course, was that each side was jockeying for position to wipe the other out, that within the turmoil of the greater war Chou En-lai's Communist comrades were busy developing the political and military tactics that later won China.

Always near Chou or about him was the same little group. Ch'en Chia-k'ang, small, unyielding, and rigid, seemed the one cast most perfectly as a Communist. Then there was Wang Ping-nan—not visibly attached to Chou, he disappeared from view for long periods, then suddenly turned up again, almost too smiling, loquacious, and affable. Where does Wang Ping-nan go? people asked in the air-raid shelters. What does he do? Is he or his German wife a Communist? Or could he be an agent for some West China war lord?

Kung P'eng came later in the war, Ten years ago, with her sweet madonna face, she seemed so gay, friendly, and relaxed with foreigners. Her husband, Ch'iao Mu, was a thin, frail aesthete, a moody, intellectual artist-writer who liked to play with ideas. He did not seem a man who would enjoy the rigid mold of Communism.

They are here in Geneva now,

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but is this middle-aged woman spokesman with the monotonous voice, the evasive eyes, and grim, tired face the Kung P'eng of Chungking? It is difficult to believe that these others with their air of dignified importance, their spanking-new suits, their insistence on "face," are the same men. Chou En-lai is heavier and older than in the era when Americans dropped in on him without an appointment. He now wears only Chinese Sun Yat-sen uniforms, lives in a heavily guarded villa, comes to the Palais des Nations with more delegates, more cars, and more flourish than anyone else.

In the old days any foreign newspaperman or diplomat could drop in casually at Communist headquarters on Chung Shan Road, hardly more than a stone's throw from the press hostel. A typical shoddy Chungking apartment building with narrow, precipitous stairs and tiny bare rooms sufficed to house the Communists then. It was stifling hot in summer and freezing in winter. In winter Ch'iao Mu in a shabby western suit and Kung P'eng in Chinese padded gown would serve guests tea and peanuts with hands red and chapped from cold, while little braziers burning charcoal would scent the air without quite warming it.

Chou's staff invited foreigners to meals and went freely out to dinners. They came to the foreigners' press hostel frequently and regularly. There they learned how to give press conferences, how journalists work, and what kind of stories interested the American and European press.

Now at Geneva one recalls that all through the war and the two years following it Chou En-lai, Kung P'eng, Ch'iao Mu, and the rest talked incessantly about "democracy." How bitterly they condemned the Kuomintang for being a police state, for repressing opposition, for arresting people for political dissidence, for employing secret police, for preventing freedom of movement, assembly, press, speech, criticism! They themselves were constantly watched, followed by secret agents, they pointed out indignantly.

It was only occasionally that foreigners were able to get a real glimpse of other kinds of Communist activity going on all through this period far beneath the surface. The Communist underground even then was creating and manipulating front groups everywhere to express the increasing general discontent. It was carefully planting cells in

schools, in army units, in government bureaus, and in newspaper offices. But the Japanese war mattered more in those days—or so it seemed—than Chou En-lai and his Communists.

When the war ended and Chiang's Government returned to Nanking, Chou En-lai and his staff followed. Those were the months in 1946 when George Marshall tried with monumental patience to get Chiang Kai-shek and Chou En-lai to form a coalition Government.

Now Chou was very busy, less accessible to journalists. Driving from his little walled-in house to General Marshall's residence, he would sit for hours on the veranda or in the living room presenting the Communist case — arguments, explanations, charges, and countercharges. It was still easy to see Chou's staff in Shanghai and Nanking, but the mood was different. The rigid party line was hardly disguised. More than ever before among the polite, smiling people in Chou's headquarters, one sensed a hard, ruthless dedication and complete confidence that they would direct China's destiny.

Eventually Chou's public and negotiating manners changed. First came long press conferences full of anger, bitterness, accusations, and distortions; then came sudden vicious attacks on General Marshall's integrity; finally the end of any attempt at peaceful settlement.

It was in November, 1946, that an American plane flew Chou and his Communist delegations back to their Yenan stronghold. Their departure was neither really dramatic nor impressive: Dressed in Chinese clothes instead of the usual western suits, the Communists piled off the trucks that had brought them to Nanking airfield and straggled onto airplanes carrying the big and little bundles the Chinese always travel with. The planes took off. One chapter had closed; another more ominous chapter had begun, the spectator thought. No prophetic sense warned him that three years later the Communists would have all China, that ten years later Chou En-lai and his former assistants would be sitting in the Palais des Nations in Geneva, negotiating war or peace with Britain, France, and the United States.

City by the Lake

Here in this clean city beside its blue lake, they are all gathered again. But the members of Chou's staff with whom American newspapermen once dined, sparred, and argued are inaccessible. At the beginning of the first press conference, the two Chinese spokesmen looked at and through the correspondents they once knew, spoke, smiled, and that was all. One cannot now have a private discussion with these "official spokesmen." Newspapermen get only as far as the liaison officer, whose function is not making appointments or giving information but serving newspapermen tea and banal chatter about the fine weather and scenery of Switzerland.

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An Unspecific Discussion, Not Dealing in Personalities

WILLIAM LEE MILLER

ONCE upon a time a certain President—I do not give his name, since I do not deal in personalities—imposed on himself the rule not "to indulge in any kind of personalities under any pretext whatever."

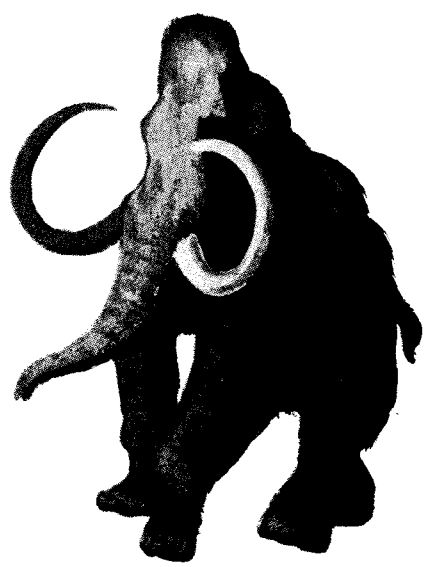
The rule seemed plainly to have been formulated for the most worthy of motives: He did not want to add to the personal attacks that occur too often in politics. If others went ahead and engaged in name calling, at least he could refuse to join in it.

Unfortunately, the results of moral rules are not always as worthy as the motives for adopting them. Many voted for the President because they thought he would restrain his party; instead he restrained himself from restraining his party. And one form of this restraint was this rule against dealing with specific cases and persons.

THE CHIEF beneficiary of the "no-personalities" rule was not a member of the Opposition but a member of this President's own party about whom the specific naming of a name *was* most important: a certain Senator. The President's rule resulted in remarkably roundabout and secondhand ways of resisting the increasingly aggressive acts of this Senator when the President resisted them at all—praise for a General whom the Senator had insulted; a TV commentator who had criticized the Senator was pronounced a friend (with no comment on the Senator's countercharges against the man's loyalty); a letter was sent to clergymen condemning sweeping attacks (not mentioning upon whom); and the Secretary of State was supported (without any mention of those who had accused the Secretary of sending "perfumed notes").

This roundaboutness left room for different interpretations. To friends of the President who opposed his Senatorial adversary the meaning was obvious: "See? The President has spoken plainly against the Senator." But to real or potential friends of the Senator, who did not read the same newspapers, the meaning was not so obvious. And the Senator himself was all innocence. Book burning? Shucks, he can't mean me. I never burned any books. And the President, asked what he had meant, said—you guessed it—that he didn't deal in personalities.

The general statements without specific application may have had the political advantage of placating one section of the President's party without too much offending another,



and thus retaining the votes of both. But this possible political gain was made at the expense of a continuing increase in the Senator's power and in the currents of opinion he represented. The Senator and his cohorts were tough: for them forbearance meant retreat. Each foray that was not effectively resisted gave them still more audacity for the next, and by their very audacity they gained a still stronger position and had to be placated at a point marked by some greater excess.

The President regularly spoke up for Fair Play, Justice, and Decency. But everybody was for Fair Play, Justice, and Decency in general. The Senator did not endorse unfair play, injustice, and indecency, and thus join the issue. The question was not whether or not we should have fair play, etc., in general, but rather what, in specific cases, *was* fair play. In the absence of clear, specific, respected judgments to the contrary, a large section of the public took the Senator's word.

Public-Opinion Vacuum

The President, in a TV chat intended to allay the country's fears, paid glowing tribute to the ability of American "public opinion" to prevent the Senator's abuses of Congressional investigations. But this "public opinion" didn't grow in a void. It was dependent upon sources of fact and judgment. There was something odd in this most powerful of "opinion leaders" speaking and acting as though "public opinion" were a kind of independent magic force not subject to the leadership of people like himself. His default left a vacuum to be filled by more aggressive leaders of opinion, including the Senator.

ONE of the troubles with neat moral rules is that they may tend to limit rather than to expand a man's responsibility. A man feels he has done his part, and that any further responsibility rests with someone else—say with the Senate itself, or the people who elected the Senators. Or maybe the no-personalities rule relieves one of the necessity for making specific judgments in controversial matters even in one's private conscience.

But there seems to be something wrong at the very heart of that rule. Is it really impossible to declare oneself about acts of a specific politician without "indulging in personalities"? To name a public figure and specifically to disagree with him is not necessarily to attack him personally. One can say a man is wrong, terribly wrong, in this policy or that action or in the whole drift of his social philosophy, and still not be "dealing in personalities." If one adds that the man is obnoxious, dishonest, a louse, a coward, a secret drinker, and monumentally stupid, then that *is* dealing in personalities. There is an important difference, and this President's

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rule did not allow for that difference. It left no room for a specific disagreement over policy.

The President, with his self-restraint, was almost the direct opposite of the Senator as a type of political figure. But maybe both reflected, in opposite ways, the same mistaken view of politics. That view, unfortunately then all too prevalent in the party with which they were both more or less associated, tended to squeeze out the area in which it was possible just to have disagreements over policy. It made political questions subject to absolute answers.

The Senator was notorious for this: A different position on Far Eastern policy was not just wrong, it was treason; anyone accused of having delayed the decision on the H-bomb had to be a Communist. Opposition to the Senator's activities was subversion; his fight was "the fight for America," which didn't leave opponents much room.

The President's rule tended to suggest a polite form of this same error by erasing the line between policy differences and ultimate personal opposition. Admittedly this line was often hard to locate, but the knowledge that it was there was crucial to democracy. It made possible the continually shifting alignments of those who now agreed, now disagreed within a larger framework of agreement and personal respect. Without it, every political disagreement tended to become complete and personal, which eroded orderly representative government.

Speaking just in general, since I do not deal with specific cases, the moral of this fable is that moral rules have always posed tricky problems. Adopted for worthy motives, they may nevertheless be responsible for evil that good men do. New circumstances call for new actions that the rule doesn't allow for, and too an interpretation of the rule may prevent a higher righteousness.

Sometimes, men being what they are, the motive for following the rule may even change a bit, and self-restraint may become self-effacement. What begins as a restraint against doing what we think we shouldn't do may end as an excuse for not doing what we ought to do.

Texas: Land of Wealth and Fear

II. Texas Democracy—Domestic and Export Models

THEODORE H. WHITE

Haroldson L. Hunt of Dallas, a tall, white-haired, green-eyed man of sixty-five, differs radically from such other Texas political operators as Clint Murchison and Hugh Roy Cullen. While Murchison and Cullen apparently persist in the old-fashioned idea that money talks loudest in politics, Hunt has discovered that there is something more important to politicians, namely the pre-packaging of public opinion to deliver votes en masse when and as necessary.

It is not that Hunt is contemptuous of the simpler uses of money in politics. Like his colleagues, he operates far beyond the boundaries of Texas, not only in his avowed financial support of such national endeavors as the MacArthur-for-President movement, but in individual state campaigns such as those in Maryland ($3,000 for Glenn Beall in 1952), Montana ($3,000 for Zales Ecton), and West Virginia ($2,950 for Chapman Revercomb). And these, of course, like most such public listings, probably represent only a portion of his out-of-state political commitments — Texans believe he was also deeply involved in both the 1950 campaign of Richard Nixon against Helen Gahagan Douglas in California and that of Frank A. Barrett against Joseph C. O'Mahoney in Wyoming in 1952.

Such direct operations are, however, vastly overshadowed by the political power Hunt has packed into the family of radio and TV shows associated with Facts Forum, the nonprofit foundation he supports. Seen at first hand, the headquarters of Facts Forum, on the seventh floor of Dallas's Mercantile Securities Building, close enough to Hunt's own offices in another building to receive personal attention, is not at all imposing. The door is marked only FACTS FORUM—DISPELS APATHY. Behind are no flossy receptionists, anterooms, or appurtenances of power such as adorn Madison Avenue enterprises of one-tenth the influence. Instead one finds a cheery, disorganized series of rooms with books, pamphlets, and magazines stacked helter-skelter on tables, shelves, and cabinets.

The air of bustling optimism is well justified. For Hunt's fascination with the mechanics and engineering of public opinion seems to grow each month as he completes the transition from his fantastically profitable past to the self-given role of elder statesman.

Over this past, as over Hunt's future, rests a cloud of speculation and uncertainty. The first record of his name in Dallas was a casual social note in the Dallas *Morning News* for January 16, 1938, announcing that "Quite the nicest family imaginable has come to Mount Vernon of Dallas to stay . . ." and going on to report that Mr. H. L. Hunt, with wife, four sons, and two daughters had just arrived from Tyler, Texas, to purchase an oversized replica of Mount Vernon in Dallas's most fashionable suburb.

To this day, Dallasites know little more for certain about the tight-lipped, mysterious Hunt than what he has vouchsafed in occasional interviews: that he was born in Vandalia, Illinois, stayed in school long enough to acquire a fifth-grade education, was a wandering ranchhand and lumberjack before settling down on a farm in Arkansas in 1911, entered the oil business around 1920, and in 1931 won his first big stake in the East Texas pool.

About these bare facts, however, there swirls gossip so persistent as to be impossible to ignore. Some-

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time between the acquisition of his farm in 1911 and his entry into the oil business, H. L. Hunt acquired a reputation as a professional gambler known up and down the Mississippi. His first major oil leases were acquired, according to legend, in a poker game.

The late 1920's found him a minor and inconspicuous oil operator in Arkansas and Texas, with no great finds to his credit until the East Texas pool came in in 1930. No one to this day knows precisely how Hunt got "Dad" Joiner's original field away from him, but men who operated in East Texas in those days consider it one of the sharpest bits of business in an industry known for slick dealing.

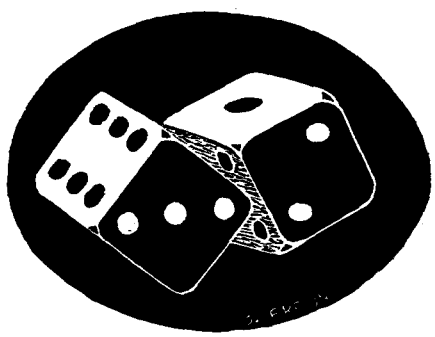
"Dad" Joiner went on to die broke, commemorated only in the name of the town of Joinerville, Texas, and H. L. Hunt went on to acquire one of the greatest fortunes in modern times. During the New and Fair Deal days, Hunt stretched his empire through Texas, Louisana, Alabama, Oklahoma, and Wyoming. Today, with an estimated 300 million barrels of oil reserves, he is bracketed with Sid Richardson as a candidate for billionaire rank.

The growth of his fortune to such dimensions seemed unable to still his persistent gambling instinct. From Tyler he bet on horses around the country and frequently dashed off to Florida to follow the races for months at a time when any winnings must have been made grotesquely unimportant by his oil wealth. Indeed, Hunt's unquenchable delight in the ways of chance persists. It was only last year at a dinner party in Dallas that he pulled out several lists of football games around the country which he had been doping out and offered to bet against anyone at the table on three out of five contests. The odds, someone noted, were stacked 3-2 in favor of the house —the house being one of the half-dozen richest men in the world.

Helping the House Odds

To American politics Hunt seems to have brought the same desire to underwrite his simpler gambles in individual campaigns by newer techniques for improving the house odds. In Facts Forum he has found a way of doing so. The namesake radio program, "Facts Forum," begun in 1951 (see *The Reporter,* February 16, 1954), can now be heard on 246 stations from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon. The Facts Forum organization sponsors "Answers for Americans," carried free on 139 ABC radio and 13 TV stations across the nation. To these have been added a TV version of "Facts Forum," carried by 67 stations, a companion show, "State of the Nation" (free time on 131 MBS stations), and, this spring, the nation-wide "Reporters' Roundup" acquired from MBS (free time on 216 stations).

Facts Forum seems to reflect only a part of Mr. Hunt's ambitions in his progress to eminence as a manipulator of opinion. Last year Hunt won an FCC license to operate a com-



mercial TV station in Corpus Christi. Twice this year he has visited New York, held press conferences, and scanned the nation's word capital in search of opportunities. He has tried to acquire control of *Collier's* and *Coronet* and been rebuffed in both cases. He was spurned by NBC this April in his attempt to wring free time from the network for another Facts Forum nation-wide show. Currently, gossip in the word business holds that the undaunted Mr. Hunt is readying a national news magazine for fall publication.

Meanwhile through Facts Forum Hunt commands a national grass-roots organization whose influence almost every Washington Senator has felt in the push behind the Bricker amendment, and whose power any small-town Texas editor can explain by pointing to the flood of Facts Forum-inspired letters supporting Senator McCarthy.

There is a final thing that should be said about Hunt and Facts Forum. They did not create the climate of opinion that they now foster. The ideas they push are the common currency of the men who shape Texas thinking and run Texas politics. Hunt may not have developed these ideas into a system of politics, but he has brought his remarkable gifts for business organization to exporting them across the country as he exports oil and gas. He does it cheaply, too—with $3 million worth of free air time wrung out of the big radio networks. Hunt may be serious when he estimates his annual outlay on Facts Forum at only $20,000.

America has been so long bombarded with concepts, prejudices, and symbols that have been loaded and aimed from emplacements in New York, Washington, and Hollywood that it has difficulty recognizing Dallas, Texas, as a contender in this field. This is unfortunate, because the voices of Facts Forum are recurrent native American voices, tracing their descent from the Know-Nothings of yesterday. These ideas have persisted in the fluid, ever-changing life of America almost as tenaciously as the ideals of American freedom and tolerance. But they have always hitherto been minority voices. What happens when they gain the upper hand in a community is nowhere better demonstrated than in Texas itself, whose governor, Allan Shivers, is a member of the advisory board of Facts Forum and governs the state by the code that he shares with it.

Politics by 'Proper People'

On the surface, Texas politics has a breezy, wide-open appearance. Texans like to boast that their state has no machine and politics is a free-for-all. What they mean by this disclaimer is simply that nobody has ever defined the kind of machine that runs their state. It is true they have no machine in the recognizable Eastern form of patronage, spoils, and bloc-delivered votes.

Texas politics rests, instead, on a a series of autonomous self-winding groups in each community, consisting of the local aristocracy of enterprise and commercial achievement. These close-knit social groups are the respectable people—merchants, lawyers, bankers, publishers, contractors, businessmen, oilmen, and their wives—who run their cities as if the cities were clubs in which they constituted the nominating committees

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and the electorate-at-large the herd. Some of these little oligarchies (as in San Antonio) may at times be as corrupt and crude as Frank Hague's old camarilla in Jersey City; others (as in Dallas) may be distinguished by the most extraordinary civic responsibility and honesty. But their common characteristic is a ruthlessness that arrogates to them sole control of local political life.

The men who direct community affairs are not the Big Rich but the Little Rich. The Big Rich are far more interested in national politics with its ever-present threat to their tax privileges. The Little Rich, swept by their emotions of fear and insecurity, see in every school-board contest, in every independent candidate who repudiates their leadership, the hand of Moscow or of the CIO bent on destroying Texas institutions.

The No. 1 Shivercrat

Upon this loose federation of local "businessmen's machines" rests the power of the present dominant figure of Texas politics, Governor Allan Shivers, a tall, dark man of extraordinary ability and vindictiveness. A lawyer, born poor, Shivers entered politics at twenty-seven from the highly industrialized Port Arthur area, voted pro-labor consistently during his early years in the Texas Senate, and then went on to sponsor the "millionaires' amendment" to limit Federal income taxes to a maximum of twenty-five per cent.

Succeeding to the governorship by death of the incumbent in 1949, Shivers, by the end of his present term (and he is seeking another), will have governed Texas longer than any other man in its history. An intimate of the Big Rich (Shivers is friendly with both Cullen and Hunt) whose contacts with the oil companies are excellent (Humble Oil occasionally puts its executive plane the "Flying Jennie" at his disposal for flights about the state), Shivers nevertheless represents a force basically independent of both the Big Rich and the big oil companies. Made substantially wealthy by his wife's orchard and cattle properties on the Mexican border (among the more consistent employers of wetback labor in the area). Shivers's instinct of government is the generalized instinct of all the men and community groups who form his political base.

Like Thomas E. Dewey, with whom he has been compared, Shivers is an excellent technician at every level of politics. He is slick enough to import high-powered professional talent to help him with radio and TV appearances, has been in control long enough to have filled all of the 116 appointive boards and commissions of Texas with nominees from every stratum of his statewide support, and is adept enough to have swung Texas to the Republicans in 1952 on the tidelands issue and now to prepare for a breach with the Republicans over both the Benson farm program and President Eisenhower's opposition to the Bricker amendment. Unlike Dewey, Shivers does not pretend to a philosophy of growth and development or to an understanding of the great outer world and its problems. While Dewey has flatly opposed outlawing the Communist Party, Shivers, tackling the problem with a sheriff's posse, has advocated the death penalty for Communists.

New Law West of the Pecos

Perhaps no facet of Shivers's government in Texas is more illuminating than that fear of Texas labor which was climaxed this March in the anti-subversion bills before the Texas legislature.

Organized Texas labor has long

constituted both the most conservative and most cowed body of unions in the country. AFL and CIO together count no more than 400,000 members out of 2,651,000 nonagricultural workers on the state's payrolls. As manufacturing has soared nine times in value in fifteen years, industrial labor has grown from 163,978 in 1939 to 464,105 in 1953. And as labor has grown, laws have been fashioned to hobble it.

Starting in 1941, the Texas legislature has piled law on law until by now every form of union security —closed shop, union shop, maintenance of membership—is outlawed. Unions are subject to all commercial anti-trust legislation; picketing is unlawful if there are more than two pickets every fifty feet; union officials and organizers must be registered with the state and carry identity cards; all unions must file complete financial reports with the state (thus exposing their strength and resources); no felon can be a union official—and Texas laws permit the branding as a "felon" of any union man who gets into a brawl on a picket line. It should be noted, too, that such laws have far more than state-wide impact; no less than a half dozen other states in the region have followed Texas's lead, remodeling their laws either precisely or approximately on its labor code.

To CAP these laws, Texas this spring passed a new set of Loyalty and Subversion Acts. These make "Communism" (never precisely defined) a felony punishable by from two to twenty years in jail. They establish penalties for "subversives" (undefined) that permit stripping these unfortunates of any privileges of citizenship and enjoining their exercise of any business or profession licensed by the state. Under the new laws, upon the affidavit of one "credible" witness and the application of a District Attorney, a local judge may order the search of any establishment and the seizure of "books, records, pamphlets, cards, recordings, receipts, lists, memos, pictures or any written instrument." If the establishment to be raided is a private home, the affidavit must come from two "credible" witnesses.

One episode during the hearings on these bills is as revealing of the atmosphere in which they were passed as any disquisition. Surprised and upset by the large crowd at a hearing, Representative Bill Daniel (brother of U.S. Senator Price Daniel) rose suddenly and demanded, "Is there a Communist in the room?" He glared about him, then snapped: "You've all got your coats on, how

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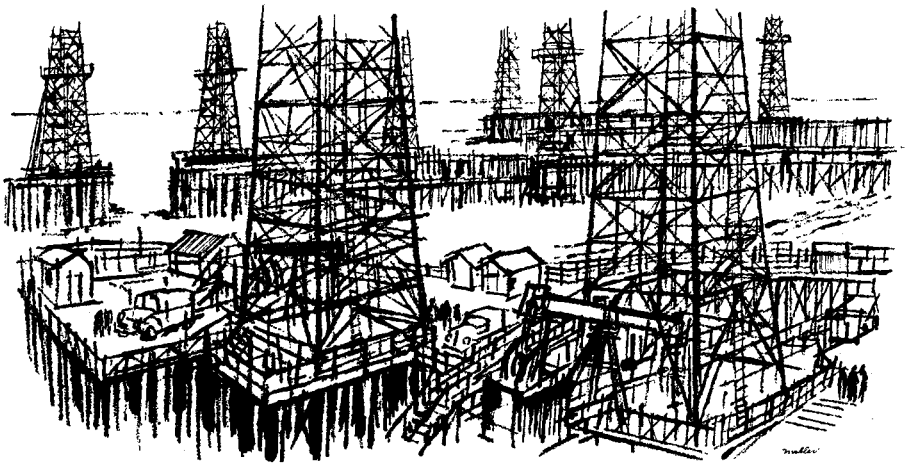

do I know you're not carrying guns?" (Representative Daniel had his coat on himself.) He was finally pacified only when the chairman ordered a paper passed around the room to newsmen and spectators, ordering all to write their names and addresses for security purposes.

IN THEIR present form these bills represent a negative triumph for labor and other groups that opposed them. One of the bills originally specified the death penalty for Communism, and the bill's sponsor, Representative Robert Patten, refused any whittling down of the death sentence; he wouldn't even accept life imprisonment as a substitute, he said, because he didn't want those Communists hanging around the penitentiary to corrupt Texas prisoners. Likewise defeated was the original proposal for a State Loyalty Review Board, an administrative tribunal that might, without judicial process, have declared any man disloyal and thus have deprived him of all rights of citizenship down to his hunting, fishing, and driving licenses.

Code of the New Southwest

Such acts and such legislative leadership would be easier to press into the more familiar patterns of American state politics if they *did* spring from the calculations of a smooth-running party machine. They spring, however, from no blueprint but only from what has been called the "anarchy of the radical Right"—the distemper of spirit that Texans share with a still unmeasured percentage of American citizens.

This distemper is nation-wide and its symptoms are familiar: the belief that labor unions and foreigners are dangerous; that the New Deal was not a debatable episode in American history but a conspiracy of aliens; that our Allies are bloodsucking America into bankruptcy; that the American government is honeycombed with spies; that the United Nations is a compact with the devil, written and conceived by Alger Hiss, on orders from Moscow; that UNESCO, its changeling child, is an institution preaching free love, racial miscegenation, and death to American traditions; that Joe McCarthy is the senior patriot of the nation; and that both older American parties are legitimate objects of deep suspicion.

This set of convictions is the code of what has become an unrecognized third party in American politics. The leadership of this third party has, to be sure, long been familiar nationally in the roster of solons that starts with McCarthy, Jenner, McCarran, and Velde in Washington and ends with such purely regional luminaries as Jack Tenney in Southern California. Its birth has been heralded by such seers as Colonel Robert R. McCormick of Chicago, whose *Tribune* is presently hailing its boss's latest efforts to make out of such men a "For America" political pressure group to contend with the older parties. Its antecedents run back through Rankin and Bilbo to the Klan and even remoter origins.

What makes this third party generally difficult to recognize is the fact that it is so far not an organization but a state of mind. This state of mind flourishes, either quietly or exuberantly, in almost every part of the United States—with special vigor in Southern California (another newly developed area of numberless uprooted), in the *Tribune's* "Chicagoland," and certain strata of Detroit, New York, and Boston life. But it is only in Texas that this state of mind has crystallized so completely that the third party has reached the status of a governing force.

Texas elects to the national Congress such distinguished men as Sam Rayburn and Wright Patman, but they come from rural districts rather than from big cities. They are a small minority of Texas's Congressional delegation. The great majority of Texas Congressmen, like the government of their state, speak not for the Democratic Party whose label they bear but for what Governor Shivers has called the "Texas Democratic Party." When Governor Shivers nominates Senator McCarthy, as he did last year, an honorary citizen of Texas, he merely dots the "i's" and crosses the "t" in proving the affiliation of the "Texas Democratic Party" with a nation-wide group, namely the third party.

Slice of Paradise

One travels through the beautiful suburbs of Texas cities, the clean new houses where children play on the green lawns, the innocent voices laughing in the evening, the dogs frisking. One reads in the newspapers of meetings of Parent-Teachers Associations, of Dads' Clubs, of Citizens Councils, of Flower Clubs. To a traveler returned from years in Europe, this seems a slice of paradise where no evil could lurk.

The traveler learns differently.

San Antonio is considered the most tolerant and easygoing of Texas cities. Yet this was where the Minute Women put the Catholic Archbishop under surveillance because he had been heard saying he was going to vote for Adlai Stevenson. In Houston, largest of Texas cities, the central council of the American Legion has set up a local patrol committee "to watch for any subversive groups or organizations which might come to Houston to hold meetings under the auspices of churches, school or other organizations." Houston is where Legionnaires brawled with Quakers in an attempt to break up a Friends Service Committee meeting because it looked "subversive." Houston is the city where a slate of school-board

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candidates running solely on an anti-UNESCO plank filled two of four contested seats. Houston is the city where the university decided not to give broadcast lectures on American history this year for fear that the subject matter would be called "controversial."

Dallas is Texas's self-proclaimed capital of culture. Yet some of the ladies there have learned how to use the telephone to hound neighbors for supposed subversion or to call the FBI when they dislike someone, as happened to a widow in a Dallas suburb who told me her story.

It was seven in the evening when the bell rang in the little white frame house where she lives alone. A clean-shaven young man showed her his credentials and told her he was from the FBI. He had received reports, he said, that she was in correspondence with people abroad. She explained that she had read a recent travel book on Yugoslavia and had written to one of the women mentioned in it and had been answered. All this, she said, had happened since Tito became our ally. Here in this box were all the letters. Would the FBI man like to read them? No, he didn't want to read them, but had she ever written about China? No, she hadn't, she said. And the FBI man said not to worry and went on his way.

Emeny and the Enemy

Such gossip can reach up to imperil even the most distinguished and conservative. Only this spring Dallas witnessed one of the most curious attempted character assassinations ever to occur even in Texas. In 1951 a Cleveland industrialist transplanted to Texas named Neil Mallon organized a Dallas Council of World Affairs. Despite the fact that its roster of speakers included, among others, former Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, it aroused suspicion.

One of Dallas's moderately wealthy citizens set himself up to investigate the Council, and it was not long before he hit pay dirt. The executive director of the Council, an attractive young man named Glen Costin, was traced to a meeting at a hotel in Cleveland last January that had been sponsored by the Foreign Policy Association, Inc., of New York. Here, it was ascertained, had come Brooks Emeny, president emeritus of the Foreign Policy Association. Now Brooks Emeny had once been on the board of directors of the Institute of Pacific Relations. And so had Alger Hiss. Q.E.D. From Alger Hiss to Brooks Emeny to the Foreign Policy Association to a Cleveland meeting of the Foreign Policy Association to the Dallas Council on World Affairs to its executive secretary to Neil Mallon, a clear Red trail was drawn. Furthermore, whispered the gossips (with no proof), Mallon was selling industrial equipment to Russia (which he was not).

Now all this may sound too preposterous to believe. Yet for one full month while this correspondent was in Texas, the Dallas Council on World Affairs fought for its life. And only because on its board sit honorary members from the city's largest banks and most respected businesses could it get a fair hearing from the citizenry and be cleared, after declaring its formal disaffiliation and disassociation from and any lack of any connection with the Foreign Policy Association—of which Secretary of State John Foster Dulles is a member.

The Perils of Growth

If this climate has developed in Texas to such a uniquely morbid degree, the reasons are not too hard to discern. The dominant factor is, of course, the peril that Texans share with all Americans in a country locked permanently in a struggle with the forces of Communism around the world. And in Texas nerves have cracked generally worse than elsewhere in the United States because to the emotions of that struggle have been added all the other strains which that state is experiencing. For it is an enormous strain on human minds and long-cherished traditions to change as swiftly as Texas has changed.

Texas is a state where only a generation ago cotton was king—and of sixteen million acres once in cotton, only six million are still sown to the fiber. Odessa, a Far West village of 500 persons in 1930, today counts 45,000. Houston, a city of 250,000 in 1930, today counts 750,000, boasting that in each year but one since the end of the war it has led the nation's cities in construction and capital investment. Dallas thirty years ago was a drowsy cotton-trading and wholesaling center. Today it is the Southwest's financial capital, with two of the nation's top twenty-five banks, boasting the establishment of more new insurance companies last year than any other city in the country. Each month, the recorded influx to Dallas comes to 1,700 job seekers, without counting their families and those who arrive without being recorded.

At the mercy of the more modern forms of communication, these new Texans find, with one or two magnificent exceptions, all the papers and radio and television stations drum-

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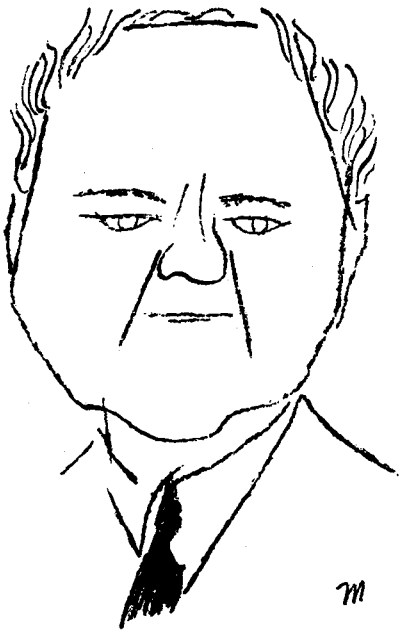
ming at them with incitement to be afraid and to conform. Not quite sure of themselves, they fall silent or get in step.

Conformity in Texas finds ready-made clothes, the flashiest of which is the incredibly exaggerated form of local patriotism called "Texanism." "Texanism" is different from the pride of a Bostonian in Boston, or a Californian in California. It is a form of nationalism that began more or less as a joke, as simple braggadocio about the biggest state with the prettiest girls and the fightingest men in the Union, and has ended by making Texans literally believe that there is a difference politically between their state and other states and that that Union is always a potential menace to Texas rights and privileges. Though it is untrue, as one Northern mother claimed, that Texas children are taught more Texas history than American history, it *is* true that Texas, its legends, its history, and its heroes, is taught to its children with far greater intensity than a Boston child is taught of the Battle of Bunker Hill or an Illinois child of the settling of the prairies on which he lives.

IN ADULT life this provincial nationalism can be capitalized on by either such state politicians as the one who boasted, "I am a Southerner before I am an American, and a Texan before I am a Southerner" or by industries such as the assembly plant at Dallas that advertises its cars as "Made in Texas by Texans." For Texans, Texanism is a synthetic faith that lets them oppose all the controls and exactions of the Federal government in Washington as an invasion of sacred and immemorial rights, while at the same time providing, with its frontier and vigilante memories, a complete answer to the newer problems of minorities, labor, and the complexities of city living. Very frequently, it should be noted, Texanism is strongest and most vocal among those who have arrived in Texas from out of state, while those who prefer to be Americans first and Texans second are as frequently descended from the oldest and most distinguished families in Texas history.

These elements—the common national struggle, the unsettling effect



H. L. Hunt

of rapid change, the myths of Texanism—are in themselves almost enough to explain why Texas politics has taken on such a peculiar cast. But when all these elements are manipulated by clever men and by the kind of money the Little Rich—the prosperous car dealers, the contractors, the bottling concessionaires, the little oilmen, the real-estate men—can make available to state candidates of their choice, these emotions can be made to stand up and march.

Practical Politic$

Practical Texas politics, the mechanics of electioneering, starts with the truths that, first, more money is needed, vote for vote, to win a hard-fought campaign there than in any other state of the Union and second, that the almost complete communications blackout in press, radio, and television deprives a shoestring candidate for state-wide office of any chance of making his voice heard above the blatant blare of phony emotions.

Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars is the minimum estimate for any easy state-wide campaign, a million for a hard-fought one. The shoestring candidate must travel to make himself heard until his voice is hoarse, and traveling in the vast distances of Texas with two sound trucks is expensive. Direct mail is more expensive—$96,000 for a single mailing to each registered voter in the state.

An adept like Allan Shivers, well heeled himself and even more lavishly supported by little businessmen across the state, can scientifically survey, cross-check, and resurvey public-opinion moods. Salesmen and district men of large state-wide firms will go from gas station to gas station along their routes of call spreading gossip. ("This man Yarborough [Shivers's opponent in 1952 and again this year] is a nice guy," one rumormongering campaign ran. "He speaks nice, too, but I don't hold with his idea of mixing Nigger kids with white kids in school.")

IN THE game of Texas politics, the trick is always to tag the other fellow as "Red," "left-wing," or the "tool of the CIO and powah-hungry pohlitical bawsses of the Nawth." This is a technique that can be readily applied to anybody by such masters of political public relations as John van Cronkhite Associates of Austin and Watson Associates of Dallas. Watson Associates was slick enough even to brand Homer Rainey, the distinguished former president of the University of Texas, an atheist in his campaign for governor in 1946. Trapped by a planted question during his campaign, Rainey said that he would have to consider the circumstances before firing out of hand any hypothetical atheist who might be discovered on the campus. His answer, rebroadcast around the state, was converted to a charge of atheism against Rainey himself and the man was crushed.

The classic assembly of all these elements was best executed in the Texas campaign of 1952, a political orgy on which the neat statistics of votes throw little light. Actually, the Democrats, with 970,000-odd votes, pushed the Republicans, who got 1,102,000, hard. It was not money alone that wrenched Texas out of the Democratic column for the second time in eight years, lifting the Republican score from its 1948 total of 282,000 to four times that, even though the Eisenhower-Shivers campaign used an estimated $6 million and the Stevenson forces raised only $180,000. The critical factor in the Texas campaign was pressure, the power of community leadership

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to make a vote for Stevenson not only unpatriotic but un-Texan and downright dangerous.

Eisenhower was Texas-born to begin with, and the billboards screamed VOTE TEXAN—VOTE IKE. One night a group of residents of one of Dallas's better suburbs hired a sound truck that circled around the home of one Stevensonian blaring, "H. R. Aldredge, are you a Texan? H. R. Aldredge, are you going to vote for Ike? H. R. Aldredge, how are you going to vote?" Across the state the campaign took on the hue of a carnival and religious revival. "I spent $15,000," said one lady ranch owner (with oil royalties) to this correspondent, "but it was such fun. We had two cowboy bands and girls dressed up as cowgirls and we went up and down the county for Eisenhower with those bands." Where cowboy bands and cowgirls did not work, there was social pressure—at the country club, in the office, in business, through the banks. Of a hundred loyal and fairly well-known Democrats who were requested by the Democratic National Committee to sign their names to a Stevenson appeal, only fifteen dared do so. Licked before he started, even so powerful a man as Senator Tom Connolly did not dare offer his name in the Senate primary race.

Burning Oil on Troubled Waters

The tidelands oil issue, of course, dominated the Texas campaign of 1952, and no better illustration could be offered of the dovetailing of special interest with burning emotion. The economics of the tidelands issue was relatively simple. If offshore oil was to be developed under Federal jurisdiction, the Federal government could require payment by producers of a royalty of 37.5 per cent as it does on oil discovered on other public lands. If offshore oil was to be developed under Texas jurisdiction, producers would be required to pay only 12.5 per cent, as on most Texas state lands. For the oilmen it was preferable that tidelands be controlled by state rather than by Federal government, but this was not a very exciting issue to debate before voters.

It was obviously better to dress the issue in Texan patriotism and emotion. That was easy, because royalties from Texas state lands go to support of the public schools, and the children of Texas could be described as the true victims of Federal control. This could be done, and was done by Watson Associates, in a campaign newspaper (financed by Clint Murchison) which showed a beaked and evil Stevenson sneering at a classroom of Texas children, saying, "Tideland funds for *those kids*? Aw, let them pick cotton." Or it could be done by imported Hollywood film and TV technicians who ran off documentaries on the tidelands to be shown over and over again in the last few weeks of campaigning until, as one baffled parent put it, "My kids came running in from the TV set like Paul Revere, tears streaming from their eyes, saying 'Pa, they're trying to take our tidelands away!' "

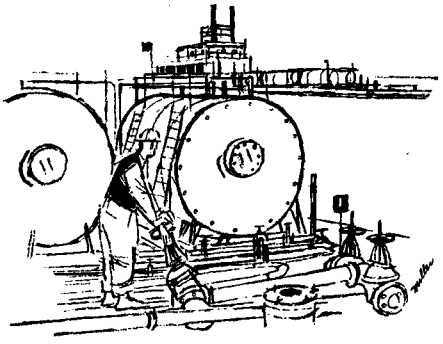
The Tide after Tidelands

As the passions of the 1952 campaign have ebbed, many of the mingled elements have untangled themselves, and Texas politics now presents a relatively simple pattern.

There is, first, a small and respectable Eisenhower branch of the Republican Party, strong chiefly in Houston and among expatriate Northerners generally.

There is, next, a much larger "loyalist" or Stevensonian Democratic body in the state.

And, finally, there is the third party, which controls the machinery of both Republican and Democratic



Parties in Texas (the Republican and Democratic state chairmen were law partners in the same Dallas office until last month, when the Democratic chairman resigned to run for Congress) and whose vigor stems not so much from cold planned organization as on the crystallization of a mood into a system of politics.

Texans who recognize the power of this third party like to outline it against the past of Texas's turbulent political history. Enormous gusts of emotion have swept through Texas politics again and again to reach a peak and then fade out. Texas was split down the middle feuding over Joe Bailey fifty years ago; it was split again, in bitterness and emotion, over Pa and Ma Ferguson and the Klan in the mid-1920's. Texas democracy survived each of these emotional toots and in between went on to elect great governors, create the best school system of the South, tackle the Negro problem with greater tolerance than any other Southern state, and write some of the soundest laws on natural-resource conservation in the Union.

TEXAS has been off on another of its emotional toots in the past three years, an emotional toot not quite so sharply defined as that over the Ku Klux Klan, not so easily recognized as was the symbolism of the white nightgown and hooded face, yet fundamentally part of the same tradition. Just how deep this emotional toot goes, how accurately the shrieking, frightened, vocal community leadership represents the millions and millions of politically silent Texans, no one can tell. Perhaps the oddest contrast to the attitudes of the dominant community aristocracies is revealed in several private surveys recently conducted by pollsters in Texas. These show that cross section for cross section, weighing the big and little, loud and silent, Texas attitudes are only slightly more extreme on questions of Communism and domestic politics, and are lightly *more* liberal in matters of racial tolerance and respect for civil liberties than those of the nation as a whole.

Currently, Texans who make a study of such things seem to feel that sometime between the campaign of 1952 and the passage of the Subversion Acts in Austin this spring, the influence of the third party may have leveled off and may even be abating. Any number of recent events are offered as omens. Senator McCarthy's quarrel with the Army seems to have reduced the Wisconsin Senator momentarily to something a lot less than infallibility in the

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press, for the Army is one of the few Federal institutions that Texans recognize as both patriotic and American. Moreover, it should be noted the Army, with its numerous posts and installations, is one of Texas's largest cash crops; and even Governor Shivers found it convenient to have an appointment elsewhere when Senator McCarthy spoke on San Jacinto Day in Houston. The determined fight of the labor unions against the establishment of a star-chamber Loyalty Review Board resulted in victory at Austin. The collapse of cattle prices and distress on the farm have sweetened the memory of the Federal government, whose onetime lavishness with farm aid now strikes many Texans as quite American again. In this rural discontent with the Benson farm program, the chief sufferer, politically, seems to be Allan Shivers, who is blamed in the countryside for throwing Texas to the Republicans and is hurt in the cities among the former country dwellers who still get letters from the folks on the farm.

There is growing resistance to the third party among both Democrats and Republicans. Among Republicans, leadership is coming from the Houston *Post,* owned and controlled by Secretary of Health and Welfare Oveta Culp Hobby, which in the past two years has not only provided the most courageous and tolerant reporting in all Texas but has also gained circulation in the process, overtaking and pulling abreast of the stodgy Houston *Chronicle*. Yet, if the Houston *Post* reflects Eisenhower policy, it does not reflect the realities of Republican Congressional politics. During roll-call votes, Republican political strategists today count on at least sixteen out of twenty-two nominally Democratic Texas Congressmen. They can have these votes without asking and without patronage; to challenge these men and to challenge Shivers throughout the state with candidates of their own the Republicans consider unthinkable. Even the Houston *Post* will support Shivers in this year's campaign.

Democratic Rumblings

The true contest with Shivers lies, therefore, in the Democratic Party. The Democratic National Committee has now authorized the first organization to oppose the present dominant state machine. This organization, just established this spring, is called the Texas Advisory Council to the Democratic National Committee. Its purpose is twofold: to tap Texas money for Democratic candidates across the nation and to provide a catch basin and leadership for the 970,000 Texas voters who in 1952 remained faithful to the national party. Fragile and as yet unsure of itself, this Council starts with the tremendous resource of the 1952 "loyalist" voters and the leadership of some of the oldest Texas family names.

Its weaknesses are twofold: It lacks any echo in the press and communications of the state, and it now lacks the funds to overcome this press blackout. Although its leaders will contest the state elections of 1954 (with slim chance of winning), its real sights are fixed on 1956 and control of the Texas delegation to the National Convention.

At the moment, Governor Shivers, his machine and its supporting com-

munity groups, and the oil money set the political tone of Texas, which, far more importantly than any formal organization, control its elections and its government.

If these elements are politically vulnerable—as this correspondent believes they are—they are vulnerable because the changes that have brought them to strength are producing dynamic counterforces of their own. The wealth that Texas has poured into great universities and cultural institutions inevitably produces professors who teach and students who think. The most effective protest against Senator McCarthy's address on Texas Independence Day came from students of the University of Texas.

Just as important, the great Texas industrial boom has created a growing and powerful, if politically untutored, body of industrial workers. The vigor of the anti-labor crusade and the harsh restrictions upon unionism have begun to force organized labor into Texas politics on a Northern scale in self-defense. For the first time, in the Texas Advisory Council, a body of practical politicians in Texas has begun to organize not apart from or in hostility to labor, but with labor unions and federations as an integral part of the organization.

Beyond these are other factors. There is, to take one, the growing importance of the Negro and Mexican vote. Negroes and Mexicans together account for one-quarter of Texan population. In practice, say the hard-boiled politicians, many of these votes can be controlled or cowed in any municipal or local election—but in state-wide contests, and certainly in national elections, these minority votes can no longer be bought.

As Texas Goes—

These are the perspectives of the contest. To maintain its control, the present Texas leadership must go on from extreme to extreme in an effort to keep the thinking of a modern industrial community bent to the code of the vigilantes. Its efforts are of more than local interest. In American politics certain states periodically acquire an influence, sectional or national, far beyond their geographical limits. Virginia and Massachusetts in the early days of the Republic, Ohio and Pennsylvania in the post-Civil War era enjoyed such power. No one in modern times has been able to ignore the impact of New York, Illinois, Wisconsin, and California on the nation in both leadership and legislation. In the roster of the great and dynamic states Texas has now won a place. The struggle for control of its bursting energy and industrial power cannot leave American life unchanged; whichever way it goes, the rest of the nation will be tugged to follow—or to resist.

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The Twilight World Of the Ex-Convict

FRANK O'LEARY

On September 15, 1948, the gate of the Big House closed quietly behind me. For seventeen years I had lived behind prison walls. The false elation that had grown within me during the days before my release quickly gave way to a familiar, frantic fear. I had been let out of prisons before, and I knew that even after you have paid your debt to society you go on paying.

Garbed in the shoddy "two-bit bag" provided by the state, I clutched my small bundle of possessions and moved timidly into the restricted patch of the outside world where I was expected to embrace with gratitude my underprivileged status as an ex-convict, a status freighted with all of the obligations of citizenship and few of its advantages.

The economic irresponsibility of prison life left me ill equipped to live up to my good intentions. A series of bugle calls, bell clangings, and club rappings notified us when we were to do everything but blow our noses. Whatever may be said of the quality and quantity of our food and clothing, all of the bare necessities of life were supplied by the state, sometimes benevolent, sometimes cruel, always shortsighted. The lazy were in heaven, for the sentence to a term of years "at hard labor" was completely devoid of meaning. The hard workers, unable to use their energies constructively, soon began to listen to cynical reports about how tough it was to make a go of it beyond the walls "on the up and up," and they soon succumbed to the lassitude that pervades most of our prisons. Ultimately, too many prisoners either join the ranks of the permanently idle or wheedle their way into a soft berth where fifty men do the work of ten and "pinochle" the years away in fractional idleness.

Rebuked for Honesty

But when I got out I soon discovered that it didn't make much difference whether I wanted to work or not. There are now, as there have always been, roped-off areas in which the ex-convict can get a job, but they don't begin to supply the need. Most

sectors of the working community are "off limits" for all practical purposes, and the naïve ex-convict only knocks his brains out storming these battlements, no matter what the extent of his talents, skills, or energies.

I decided early that it was impossible to conceal a criminal record such as mine—which covered a good part of a whole generation. Ergo, how about confronting them with the brutal facts? I had quite a few skills to sell. Nothing in my physical appearance, personality, or diction suggested my criminal and prison background. Yet for more than five years I have repeatedly been denied employment when I admitted my past frankly at the beginning.

One employment director on whom I tried the confessional approach was obviously astonished. "If you'll forgive my saying so," he whispered breathlessly, "I think you're being a bit too frank." The implied rebuke seemed somewhat ironic to me, coming as it did from a small pillar of big business to an ex-con.

After these failures, I haunted the employment agencies. Those of the agents with whom I tried the direct approach shook their heads and made it clear that no fee I might offer would match the enormity of my problem. Now if I were a porter or a counterman with experience, they might find some ordinarily undesirable job where my record wouldn't militate against me. But I had one handicap even worse than my record which made them reluctant to handle me: I looked, they suggested, "too much like a bespectacled business executive" to fit the menial jobs they had to offer.

I did manage to last a day or so at a few jobs on the basis of a completely fictional employment record. On one pretext or another, I was gently discharged. In every case the men who hired and fired me pleaded that the decision in such matters was forced upon them as a matter of policy from higher up. I have reason to believe they were speaking the truth, since I had written many job-seeking letters for fellow inmates to business executives. The executives always expressed their regrets, using the most ingenious devices within the compass of the English language to convince the applicant that he was not being rejected on the basis of his criminal record.

A friend of mine secured a job as a weigher in one of the largest meat-packing houses in the East, concealing his several convictions. He was happy in his work and popular among his fellow workers. Urged on by his new friends, he became active in union affairs, and even filled in for a while when the shop steward was sick. His aggressiveness in bringing contractual evasions to the attention of his employers earned their ill will. When his co-workers persisted in running him for shop steward, management decided to look into his background. He was promptly given notice. A few such experiences sent him back to the narcotics traffic.

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For about a year I ran a small candy store on the Lower East Side of Manhattan. The business provided a modest livelihood until my past became known. Parents ordered their children to stay away from the store, and I found it necessary to sell out. Several of the leaders of the campaign that put me out of business had ex-cons in their own families and were loud in their complaints about how unfairly society had treated their relatives.

Through some underworld connections I next stumbled into a job as straw boss for a landscaping firm. Although I knew nothing about trees, shrubs, and soil spotting, I could read a blueprint. I soon discovered that my employers were a "scab" outfit that didn't pay the union minimum scale of $1.70 an hour to common labor. I was being paid $1.50 hourly, and laborers got from $1.10 to $1.25. This explained why they were able to secure housing-project contracts from the City of New York by underbidding the field. The racket boys were moving in to organize this cheap labor in a phony "front" union, and they wanted to use me to keep the men in line. Although I needed the job desperately, I pulled out. In order to avoid having my head broken by the organizing goons, I found it expedient to have myself fired by ordering the right trees planted in the wrong holes for several days.

I ANSWERED hundreds of classified advertisements in the "help wanted" columns, sometimes concealing, more often revealing my past. The result in the end was always the same. I pounded the pavements trying to find work at anything, anywhere. Usually I made a glowing first impression when I offered bogus work records, but I was always finished when they checked my references or asked the killing question: "Are you bondable?" I lasted nine days as a bookkeeper-typist on one job by insisting that I was bondable on my falsified application. Then my employer, one of the most likable bosses I had ever had, called me into his office and looked at me as if he were pleading for my understanding. "What can I say, Frank?" he asked. "I like your work and you know I like you. But I'm at the mercy of my bonding agents and the underwriters of my insurance. If I were to keep you on, they would cancel out all along the line and no other companies would assume liability." We parted the best of friends.

Go to the Underworld

Sometimes I would meet a fellow ex-convict on the street. At the risk of arrest for criminally consorting, we sat over a few beers and discussed

our problems in trying to convince society that we were ordinary people who had made mistakes, had paid for them, and now wanted the right to make our own way in accordance with our individual capacities. A few of these old acquaintances had established themselves on a reasonably sound economic basis within one or another of the roped-off areas of the community. Of the "successes" I met, all but one man had worked out the problem by following one simple rule: Go to the underworld for the lift society won't give you. If you shop around in the limbo of forgotten men, you learn that Rocky Creighton, whom you knew in Sing Sing, is in charge of distribution for a large metropolitan newspaper; Mickey the Harp is shop steward on a big pier in Brooklyn; Charley the Lug is a goon in one of the biggest shipping unions.

Elementary, isn't it? In prison politics no "hipster" asks the administration for a break; he goes to a con who swings a lot of weight with the administration. The rule is no less valid outside. Go to the underworld czars who are able to accomplish things at the horizon line where underworld and overworld meet. Hand them your problem. They won't ask if you're bondable.

I finally got threadbare enough and hungry enough to overlook my scruples. The boys on the docks would put me to work, ask no questions, and make no demands. I went to Pier 6 in the Bush Terminal in Brooklyn, which was under the union control of Local 808 of the old International Longshoremen's Association. The pier was swarming with ex-cons, but they were working ex-cons for the most part. One of former beer baron Owney Madden's top cabinet members was a checker, and men who had survived "life" sentences shaped up there daily. Here was one place where an ex-con could go to the popular shop steward —a man on life parole himself— and be sure of a few days' work a week without kicking back a penny to anyone. It was a friendly corner of limbo.

For six months I did quite well, until it became known that I was the co-author of a dictionary of underworld slang. The hiring boss decided that I must be making too much money. He always had twice as many men shaping up as he could hire, so I was nudged into the "extra" ranks. I quit the docks.

BY THIS TIME I had acquired a number of friends in newspaper and publishing circles who wanted to help me find a secure berth, but they were all embarrassed by my record. They seemed to enjoy an evening with me over a bite to eat, but they always kept me out of the professional world, where the mere fact that they knew me socially might jeopardize their own prospects.

At about this time I remembered the fellow alumni I had met from time to time who were going down to the sea in ships. The Coast Guard would validate seamen's papers even for men with formidable criminal records, except when treason, arson, and some types of sex offenses were involved. I went to the underworld again for help and found myself sailing for France within a couple

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of days as a wiper in an engine room. I had a number of magazine articles in mind that I managed to get written on Atlantic crossings. When they were published, I settled down ashore to write, lecture, and work in radio and television. I had achieved, if not the impossible, at least the unlikely.

Society Is the Loser

There are thousands of ex-convicts working and living in our communities, on good terms and bad. A veritable army of ex-convicts sweat out a thin living as runners for policy numbers bankers, shills for floating crap games, minor bookmakers, steerers to "swaggies" who will buy stolen merchandise, panderers, and loan sharks' agents. Unable to break through the wall of employer resistance against the men in invisible stripes, they become street-corner hustlers. They know that they run the risk of another jail sentence, but only "a bit that you can do on one leg." Out of these ranks come the veteran leaders of the young recruits who raid our banks, snatch our payrolls, and blow our safes.

WHAT I HAVE chosen to call "the roped-off areas," where ex-convicts may hope to make an honest living, are shrinking fast.

Unless small and large employers open their employment rolls to ex-convicts, at least in those jobs where surety bonds are not required, the rehabilitation of ex-convicts is impossible. Unless labor unions stop trying to crush noncompetitive prison industries, prisoners cannot even learn the jobs they might be able to get on the outside. At the New York State Convention of the American Federation of Labor last year, a resolution was adopted seeking to curb the productivity of the brush shop in Sing Sing Prison, a unit prohibited by law under the "state-use system" from selling to anyone but state and Federal government agencies and the various political subdivisions thereof.

Perhaps one of the best ways to begin correcting this condition would be for the press to shoulder fully its responsibility to the potential employers whom it has consistently confused. Phrases like "the captured bandit was an ex-convict" and "the wanted man is a paroled convict" are regularly used to color the dully repetitious crime. To balance the sensational reporting of the failure of certain ex-convicts, why isn't there at least an occasional human-interest story on the success of an ex-con who has managed to beat the odds against him?

Society itself is the loser when an ex-con is driven back into crime because he cannot make a living honestly. There are hundreds of thousands of us all over the nation living in the twilight between the underworld and the normal world in which we want to reinstate ourselves as full citizens. There are many hands below ready to pull us down, few hands above ready to pull us up.

CHANNELS:

'Did or Not . . .'

MARYA MANNES

WEEK after week on our television screens we have watched a drama of the most compelling sort, but a drama wholly without catharsis: a plot without form, a story without end. We have seen a morality play in which Evil has been consistently apparent and Good so blurred as to be sometimes imperceptible. We have seen a wrestling match in which the "bad" wrestler —primitive and fighting foul — has fought alone, without adversary. For you can hardly call it conflict— this situation in which one will, one force, imposes itself on all.

Whatever you call them, the Army-McCarthy hearings have been a picture which should obsess American memory as it has obsessed all those Americans who have seen it.

Surely nothing will ever wipe from the public eye the image of Roy Cohn whispering into McCarthy's ear: his lips constantly moving, his tongue flicking them, his eyes darting like lizards from face to face, his black hair shining on his forward-thrust head, his look —whatever he says or does—of the petulant spoiled prodigy, the problem child with the very high I.Q. Nothing will ever wipe from the public eye the eyes of the junior Senator from Wisconsin—oblongs of hatred, lozenges of contempt; his smile, teeth edge to edge, that might charm a cobra; the thick neck; the sparse black hair on his skull; his nervous hand. Nothing will ever wipe from the public ear the sound of his voice (that combination of a protracted belch and the low tone of a drunkard in the ominous calm before truculence) saying, "Mr. Chairman . . . Mr. Chairman . . . point of order . . . point of order . . ."

The Rest

Of all the major portraits in this picture, that of Secretary of the Army Stevens will vanish first from memory. From the first day of the

hearings he has blurred progressively until he is little more now than a nice man with glasses who got into more trouble than he deserved. What will linger in memory is his decency, which has made him bear prolonged and intolerable humiliation with control and courtesy, if not with high intelligence or that instinctive grasp of forces which marks a man of stature. This pleasant textile manufacturer, whose

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elevation to Secretary of the Army must mystify many, is the product of a society that measures a man's success by the extent of his "contacts"; and contacts are held by what he has called "co-operation." Stevens has been to McCarthy what Chamberlain was to Hitler: "Give

him what he wants and he won't ask for anything more." His education to this fallacy has been equally painful.

People will remember the freshness and clarity of Senator Henry M. Jackson of Washington, who has been quick to rise at the invasions of law and distortions of fact that have disgraced this show. The future is plain in this younger Senator, whose sword is not yet sheathed in pragmatism.

People will remember the grimness of Senator John L. McClellan of Arkansas, who needs only a tall black hat to pose as a puritan, and who has found no cause to smile in these hearings. Rather, he has viewed them with a weary disgust, punctuated by spurts of deep anger at McCarthy. His slow, strong, rasping voice will remain in the air.

For looks alone—and there is something potentially Presidential in his heavy handsomeness—Senator Stuart Symington will stay in the public mind, but it is hard to see how any of his words will linger. Except for a few flare-ups, the Senator from Missouri has been too guarded for heroism and too slow for effective rebuttal; nor is alienation of friends or voters consistent with his ambitions.

Senator Charles E. Potter? The image, a little blurred, of an uneasy man who might well have wondered at times in these hearings for what purpose he had given two legs in the Second World War. Some may have found in the Senator from Michigan a symbol of the division of his party, of conflict unresolved.

Joseph N. Welch? A presence not easily forgotten—that of a civilized man in the tradition of an older law and society in which a man like McCarthy would long before have been indicted for his acts. This Boston lawyer's recognition of evil has been acute. But he may be remembered more for his elaborate, overplayed courtesy, for the lubricated and mannered inflections of his voice, than for the sternness within him. To those who admire McCarthy, Welch must seem an old fool.

And what of Ray Jenkins from Tennessee? Many will remember him in terms of progressive doubt. Huge, mulish, with a gargantuan smile and the bucolic talk of the country lawyer that he is, Jenkins had seemed at first to exemplify a sort of uninformed civic virtue. But as time went on, what emerged was a coarse-grained, aggressive provincial who could equate "suspension" with "subversion," who could assume—in the face of wide and reputable doubt—a great service to the nation by McCarthy in exposing spies and traitors, who could borrow McCarthy's own phrase "Fifth Amendment Communist"—and in so doing range himself on one side of the table. Yet who can forget his growl of "Did or not . . ."? or "I'll ask you now . . ."?

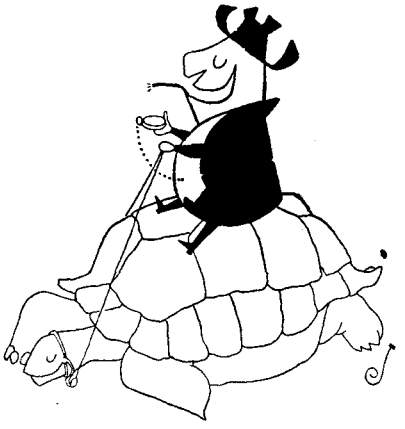
The pipe-and-cigar-alternating Karl E. Mundt, the merry good fellow, must surely go down in memory as one of the least effective chairmen ever to attempt the orderly examination of truth. To some he may have given the impression of impartiality, if only in the negative sense of not overtly favoring either side. But in fact this has had no more impact on the proceedings than the pounding of his gavel, which has served mainly as an accompaniment to McCarthy's incessant solos.

And then Everett Dirksen, that bubbling well of oil. He will be remembered for his long, fruity orations on nothing, for his tousled gray curls and ruined face. The fact that he might have his occasional differences with the Senator from Wisconsin in no wise dissociates him from the company of cynics. No one can accuse Everett Dirksen of having illusions—least of all of the good in man.

Lesser Lights

Most of the other faces in the caucus room will fade out with time, even David Schine. They are part of the cast, but with no featured billing in memory. But there were faces without names that will, I think, remain longer in the public thought. They were the silent seconds behind the Secretary of the Army: young colonels who, with their boyish features, soft mouths, and troubled eyes, could not have been more markedly different from the impassive toughs so often flanking McCarthy. These flat-faced, bull-necked, unsmiling young men would, I am sure, have preferred to stand in uniform, arms folded, high-booted legs spread wide.

When you came down to it, slowly, reluctantly, but inevitably, the real horror of these hearings has been in this: that the pattern of the protagonist was totalitarian. Senator Potter got closer to it than anyone when he said, "We have all been through a brain washing here." For here were all the dread, familiar methods: the relentless, interminable breaking down of the witness; the repeated statements of unverified fact; the assumption of guilt without proof; the deliberate evasion of the basic issues; the constant diversion-



ary moves to obscure them. Here were the totalitarian clichés, the inversions of Communist labels: "Pentagon Politicians," "Fifth Amendment Communists," "Leftist Press."

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Here, most appalling of all, was the open admission and condonement of a spy-and-informer system within our own government—the "Loyal American Underground." Here, finally, was the radical attempt to wreck the Executive Branch of the United States government.

The abiding tragedy of the Army-McCarthy hearings may well be that only half of us have seen this in them. The other half—the man looking at TV in the bar? the woman next door? the cousin in Akron?—will have seen a loyal American, Joseph R. McCarthy, battling to protect his country from the inroads of treason.

This is a grave and desperate division among Americans, sharpened by these hearings into antagonisms not very far from civil war.

Did Franklin Roosevelt Sink the Pacific Fleet?

LOUIS MORTON

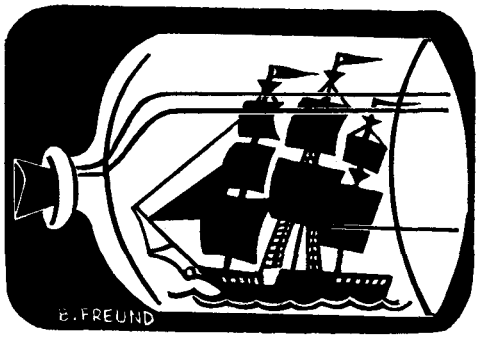
THE FINAL SECRET OF PEARL HARBOR, by Rear Admiral Robert A. Theobald, U.S.N. (Ret.). *Devin-Adair Company. $3.50.*

NO ONE who lived through the tense days of 1941 and the dark, despairing months that followed Pearl Harbor will be able to read this book with detachment. It will delight the most rabid Roosevelt hater; it will confirm the deepest suspicions of those who think ill of General George C. Marshall; and it will arouse vast indignation in most others.

The author is a retired rear admiral with a long and distinguished career who was in command of Pacific Fleet destroyers at the time of the Pearl Harbor attack. Rear Admiral Husband E. Kimmel, former commander of the Pacific Fleet, and Fleet Admiral William F. Halsey both attest to the author's capacity and lend weight to his conclusions by their "corroborative" forewords.

The central thesis of this small book is the charge—"deduction" is the term the author uses—that President Roosevelt, convinced that the United States would have to enter the European war sooner or later, sought first to provoke Germany into a declaration of war by violations of neutrality and, when this course failed, turned to the Far East, where, by a series of diplomatic and economic moves, he forced Japan to attack the United States, confident that Germany would also declare war. Further, Admiral Theobald charges, Roosevelt skillfully engineered events so that Japan would open the war with a dramatic and sudden blow. He did this, says Theobald, because he recognized the need for a "cataclysmic happening" that would unite the "overwhelmingly" isolationist American people.

Thus, it is alleged, Roosevelt deliberately kept the Pacific Fleet at Pearl Harbor as an open invitation to the Japanese, and to be absolutely certain that the attack achieved the surprise so necessary to his plans, he



kept from Admiral Kimmel and Lieutenant General Walter C. Short, the Navy and Army commanders in Hawaii, the vital information pouring into Washington via MAGIC (decoded Japanese messages) that would have given ample warning of Japanese intentions. In this, Admiral Theobald declares, Roosevelt had the reluctant if not the active cooperation of General Marshall and Admiral Harold R. Stark, the Army and Navy chiefs in Washington, and of their principal subordinates.

No new evidence is presented to support this charge. All the material used by Admiral Theobald is already well known, and most of it can be found in the forty volumes published by the Joint Congressional Committee that investigated Pearl Harbor in 1948. It is in the use of this material and in the meaning he draws from it that the Admiral finds substantiation for his case. His method is one much in use these days: State the charge as a conclusion, fit the facts to the conclusion, then use this conclusion as the basis for additional charges.

TO ESTABLISH his case, the Admiral attempts to show that it was Hawaii, not the Philippines or Southeast Asia, that was always in greatest danger from the Japanese. Ignoring the overwhelming evidence to the contrary, Theobald cites the objections voiced in 1940 by Admiral James O. Richardson, who then commanded the Pacific Fleet at Pearl Harbor. (These reasons, incidentally, had nothing to do with the possibility of a surprise attack but were based largely on logistical considerations.) Then he quotes from Admiral Richardson's report of a meeting with the President in October, 1940, at which Admiral William Leahy was also present. The President, according to Richardson, stated then that the United States would not fight even if the Philippines or Guam were attacked but that Japan would sooner or later commit an act which would get this country into war. Admiral Leahy's version of this conversation, which is quite different, is not noted by the author.

Since the President had ruled out an attack on the Philippines and Guam as a basis for American entry into the war, he could only have meant, Theobald concludes, that the pretext would be supplied by an attack against Hawaii or Panama. For tactical reasons Theobald excludes Panama and decides that the President considered Hawaii the desirable place for a Japanese attack to bring the United States into war.

In this fashion, on the basis of a questionable report on a conversation between the President and an officer (Richardson) who was relieved of his command three months later, Admiral Theobald reaches the

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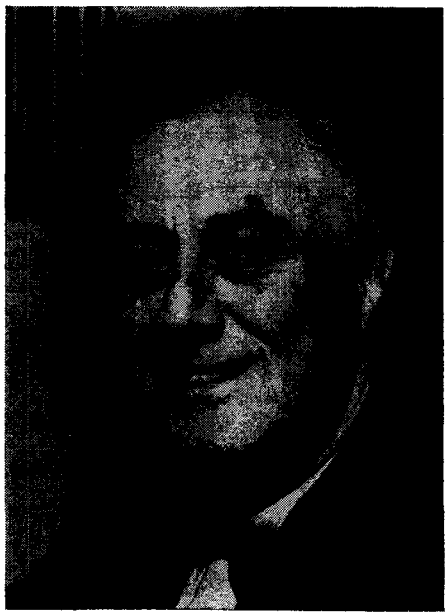
conclusion that by October, 1940, Mr. Roosevelt had decided that the surest way to get the United States into the war was to induce Japan to attack Pearl Harbor.

THAT Germany would automatically declare war against the United States if Japan attacked, Admiral Theobald never questions. The Tripartite Pact of September, 1940, he reminds the reader, provided that Japan, Germany, and Italy would come to each other's assistance if any of them were "attacked by a power at present not involved in the European war or in the Sino-Japanese conflict." Although this arrangement very clearly did not require the signatories to furnish aid if one of *them* was the aggressor, Admiral Theobald assumes without further explanation that war with Japan meant war with Germany and Italy. This fact, he asserts, "played an important part in President Roosevelt's diplomatic strategy."

Did the Japanese know that Germany would automatically enter the war if they attacked the United States? They did not, and until almost the last moment they were deeply concerned over Hitler's reaction. It was not until the end of November that the Japanese obtained assurances from Berlin, and not without some difficulty. How, then, could Roosevelt have known on November 26, when the final Japanese note was rejected, that he might not be forced to fight Japan alone, thus completely thwarting his whole supposed scheme to put down Nazi aggression in Europe and sustain Great Britain in its fight for survival?

How Did F.D.R. Know?

The uncanny foreknowledge of Japanese intentions that Theobald attributes to Roosevelt seems to assume almost an active partnership between the American President and the commander of the Japanese Combined Fleet, Admiral Yamamoto. Only through such an improbable liaison could one explain how the President knew that the Japanese would attack Pearl Harbor when they themselves did not know it until shortly before December 7. It was Yamamoto who, in January, 1941, first conceived the idea of a surprise attack against Pearl Harbor by carrier-based aircraft, and it was his staff that developed plans for such an attack during the early months of that year. When Yamamoto submitted the completed plan to his superiors in Tokyo in May, 1941, it was strongly opposed by the naval high command. The leaders of the Imperial government insisted that if Japan went to war, it would be for the oil, tin, and rubber Japan needed so badly. Southward, not eastward, lay the course of the Japanese Empire, and the commitment of the bulk of the fleet's carrier strength to an operation against an objective so far from the decisive theater involved too many risks for the Tokyo planners. What if the U.S. Pacific Fleet was not at Pearl Harbor on the day of the attack? What if the carriers were discovered on the long voyage from Japan to Hawaii? No decision was made at the time, but clearly official Japan in May, 1941, had no interest in an attack on Pearl Harbor.



It was not until the middle of October, after Yamamoto had threatened to resign, that his plan for the Pearl Harbor attack was finally adopted and incorporated into the over-all plan for war. But General Tojo, who was then guiding Japan's destiny, did not even know about it until late in November. How, then, could President Roosevelt be sure, as Admiral Theobald asserts, that the Japanese would do the one thing required for the success of his plan?

Admiral Theobald does not explain either why the destruction of the Pacific Fleet was a necessary part of Roosevelt's plan. Assuming that the President's objective was to invite a Japanese attack, would not a lesser target have produced the same result? Did he have to risk the destruction of the ships that he loved so well and that were so vital to the entire Allied cause? If he knew what the Japanese planned, would he not have withdrawn at least the battleships? His aim, even according to Admiral Theobald, was the destruction of the Axis, and the destruction of the United States Pacific Fleet could scarcely have contributed to this end.

Marshall and Stark

Essential to Theobald's case against President Roosevelt is the charge that the President issued direct orders to General Marshall and Admiral Stark to withhold from the Hawaiian commanders certain vital information that would have told them that the Japanese intended to attack Pearl Harbor. That this information was not forwarded is undeniable, but that it would have alerted Hawaii to the coming attack is doubtful. It is also irrelevant, for the charge we are dealing with concerns not the value of the information but the "fact" that it was withheld on direct order from the President.

This is indeed a serious accusation, one that should be made only on the basis of the strongest evidence. What evidence does Admiral Theobald offer us? First, that the withholding of the information is in itself proof that someone must have ordered Marshall and Stark to withhold it; second, that after censure by a naval court Admiral Stark said in a newspaper statement that all his official actions had been governed by orders from "higher authority." Since President Roosevelt was the only higher authority in the chain of naval command, Theobald concludes Stark must have meant that he denied information to Admiral Kimmel on orders from the President, Admiral Stark's subsequent denial of this notwithstanding.

Having established this somewhat

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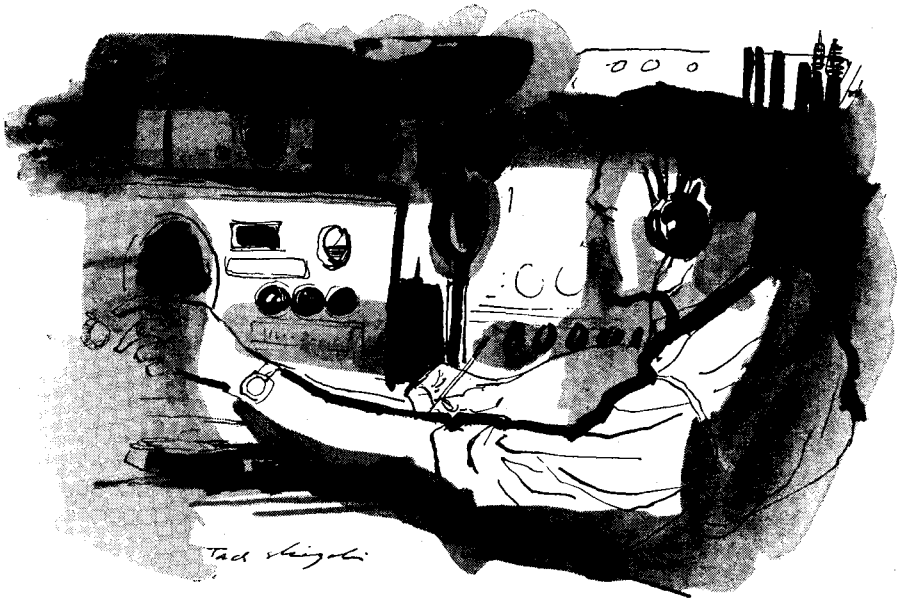

dubious point to his satisfaction, Admiral Theobald proceeds to assert that if Stark received orders of this sort, then Marshall must have also. The evidence offered in substantiation here is that General Short received no more information than Admiral Kimmel. The questions of whether the information withheld was entirely relevant, of whether adequate intelligence was sent to Hawaii, and, most important, of the risks in revealing to the Japanese that we had broken their most secret code—are all minimized by Admiral Theobald in his attempt to explain Marshall's and Stark's actions. It is enough for him that certain information, which in his judgment should have been forwarded to the Hawaiian commanders, was not. Since Marshall and Stark, he believes, could not have withheld this information without orders and since only the President could issue orders to Marshall and Stark, therefore the President must have issued such orders.

The Admiral recognizes that Marshall and Stark might balk at being made party to President Roosevelt's scheme. He tries to explain away that objection by reminding the reader that Army and Navy officers are trained in a lifetime of service to obey orders without question. And to the objection that Marshall and Stark could resign if they did not wish to carry out orders which they knew would result in the unnecessary loss of thousands of American lives, Admiral Theobald replies that both men knew that if they resigned the President would simply have appointed two others to do the job.

THIS EXPLANATION is not a convincing one. Officers of the rank of Stark and Marshall do not follow orders blindly, nor are they easily intimidated. It is difficult to imagine that the simultaneous resignation of the Army Chief of Staff and the Chief of Naval Operations in the midst of a serious national emergency would not have had such important repercussions as to force the President to withdraw his orders—if, indeed, he had issued any. And if he did not withdraw his orders, at least both officers would have had the satisfaction of preserving their honor, while the President could not have been sure that they would preserve their silence.

Theobald's contention that high officials in Washington had definite information by September, 1941, that the Japanese were going to attack Pearl Harbor rests on an intercepted message from Tokyo to the Japanese consul in Honolulu asking for specific data on the location of the ships at Pearl Harbor. This message and those that followed, he claims, constitute "irrefutable" evidence of the coming attack. The failure to inform the Hawaiian commanders of this message, says Admiral Theobald, was deliberately designed to assure the success of the Japanese attack. Why? "There can be only one answer," he writes, "—because President Roosevelt wanted it that way!"

One can hardly deny that this vital information should have been relayed to Hawaii. But was its denial deliberate? This Admiral Theobald does not prove. And he minimizes the overwhelming evidence of a major Japanese move southward rather than eastward toward Hawaii, which the Washington planners had to weigh against the single evidence of Japanese interest in Pearl Harbor.

So lightly did the Tokyo request for information on Pearl Harbor weigh in the balance that Rear Admiral T. S. Wilkinson, Director of Naval Intelligence, when asked during the Congressional hearings if he had had any information that specified Pearl Harbor as the point of attack, replied, "Not the slightest." The Army Chief of Intelligence responded in the same way, and when his attention was directed specifically to the Japanese request, asserted that it was only "after the event" that the message acquired the unmistakable meaning that Admiral Theobald attaches to it.

WPL 46

Kimmel and Short were, in fact, told that the Japanese diplomatic and consular posts in the United States had been ordered to destroy their codes, and they were warned repeatedly about the deteriorating relations between the United States and Japan. The most important of these warnings was the one sent on November 27, which Admiral Theobald contends was inadequate despite the fact that it clearly stated "this despatch is to be considered a war warning." The message explained further that negotiations with Japan had ceased and that the Japanese were concentrating their forces for what appeared to be "aggressive moves" against the Philippines and Southeast Asia in the next few days. In this situation Admiral Kimmel was directed to "execute an appropriate defensive deployment preparatory to carrying out the tasks assigned in WPL 46." The Army sent a similar but not as strongly worded message. Combined with the warning sent three days earlier of a possible Japanese move "in any direction, including attack on Philippines or Guam," it is hard to see how anyone could have misunderstood

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the clear import of the message or how it could have been made stronger. It is true the message did not warn of an attack against Pearl Harbor, but how could it? No one in Washington *or* in Hawaii considered this a possibility. All eyes were on Southeast Asia.

Theobald's chief criticism of the war warning is that it was not "couched in technical language" or supplemented by orders from Washington to take appropriate action. Without these, he contends, the message meant little or nothing. What else is the injunction to "execute appropriate defensive deployment preparatory to carrying out the tasks assigned in WPL 46" but an order couched in technical language to take certain actions and follow certain procedures? The statement means nothing to the layman, but WPL 46 was the Navy War Plan for the Pacific Fleet. It contained estimates of Japanese capabilities and possible lines of action, the course to be taken in each case (including air search over the area from which the Japanese struck), and the mission of each element. Surprise raids and even stronger attacks were envisaged as a distinct possibility in the plan. What more could Admiral Stark have told Kimmel to put him on the alert for possible attack?

To support his contention that the war warning was inadequate, Theobald quotes Admiral Kimmel's assertion that the information given him was so "pale a reflection of actual events . . . as to be misleading." Yet Admiral Halsey himself states in his own book that when he left Pearl Harbor for Wake Island on November 28 he and Kimmel "fully expected that this cruise would take us into the lion's mouth, and that at any moment an overt act would precipitate war." War, then, was expected; an attack against Pearl Harbor was not. Admiral Ernest J. King, Stark's successor, concluded after a Naval Court of Inquiry in 1944 that an "unwarranted feeling of immunity from attack . . . seems to have pervaded all ranks at Pearl Harbor, both Army and Navy."

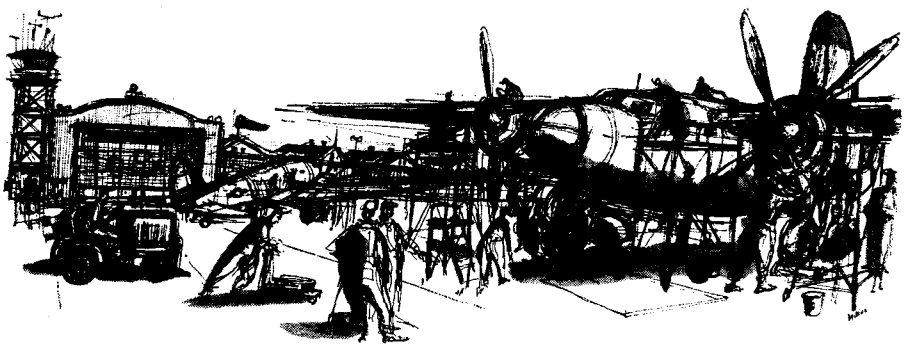
Reflection of Our Times

The task of assigning responsibility for the disaster at Pearl Harbor has been the subject of extensive investigation and vigorous debate. The task will continue to attract those who seek to answer for themselves the questions raised by an attack that found our military forces so unprepared. That mistakes were made is undeniable; that there were errors in judgment is equally evident.

There is blame enough for all, including the American people. Kimmel and Short could certainly have done more. Even if they did not have as much information as their Washington superiors, they had been warned more than once in unmistakable language. Admiral Stark was found remiss too and was assigned his share of the responsibility. The Army's failure in certain instances to take appropriate action has been recorded, as was the failure of intelligence to assess properly the intercepted Japanese messages. One may agree with Admiral King, who believes that General Marshall was at least as responsible as Stark and that the Army and Air Force have been too leniently treated.

Finally, one may accept the sweeping indictment made by the minority members of the Joint Congressional Committee (Republican Senators Ferguson and Brewster), who found in 1948 that President Roosevelt, Secretaries Stimson and Knox, General Marshall and Admiral Stark, as well as some of their subordinates were all guilty of a failure to discharge their responsibilities properly.

None of these charges taken together or separately can support the charge made in this book. That it is made now, on evidence that has been available since 1948, is perhaps a significant commentary on our times.



The Pointless Heroism Of the Light Brigade

AL NEWMAN

THE REASON WHY, by Cecil Woodham-Smith. *McGraw-Hill. $4.*

LORD RAGLAN WISHES THE CAVALRY TO ADVANCE RAPIDLY TO THE FRONT—FOLLOW THE ENEMY AND TRY TO PREVENT THE ENEMY FROM CARRYING AWAY THE GUNS. TROOP HORSE ARTILLERY MAY ACCOMPANY. FRENCH CAVALRY IS ON YOUR LEFT. IMMEDIATE.

A CENTURY AGO lacking a few months a British-French-Turkish force landed on the Crimean Peninsula. Its objective was the naval base of Sebastopol, whence the Russians had dispatched the ships that had broken the back of Turkish naval power at Sinope, raising nightmares of Russian interference in the Mediterranean. The Allied expeditionary force landed north of Sebastopol, fought its way south across the River Alma, and by-passed its prize to seize two bays and a small port—Balaklava—ten-odd miles south of Sebastopol, through which the besieging army might be nourished from the sea.

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Balaklava was vital to the British. The enemy knew it, and on October 25, 1854, a large Russian army under General Liprandi attacked toward it. In the Russians' path were only a screen of six weak redoubts containing naval guns manned by Turks, a British cavalry division (about 1,200) under Lord Lucan, and the 93rd Argyle & Sutherland Highlanders (550 infantrymen). The Russian infantry soon took four of the redoubts and a large detachment of Russian cavalry went for the Highlanders, who were plugging the defile that led down to Balaklava.

The Highlanders' celebrated "thin red line" repulsed the Russians. Meanwhile, the Heavy Brigade of the British cavalry (five hundred men) under Brigadier J. Y. Scarlett charged the main body of Russian cavalry (numbering three or four thousand) and routed it. The Russians re-formed behind their own guns nearly two miles from the scene of the encounter. This ended the battle's first phase.

Lord Raglan, the British force commander, observing the action from a height six hundred feet above the battlefield, saw that the Russians were preparing to drag away the guns from the captured redoubts as booty. To prevent this disgraceful loss, Lord Raglan dispatched the message quoted above to Lord Lucan, not realizing that the cavalry commander from his position down in a valley had a very limited view of the battlefield and might attack not the captured guns the Russians were getting ready to drag away, which were out of Lord Lucan's sight, but the formidable Russian battery position at the foot of the same valley he was in.

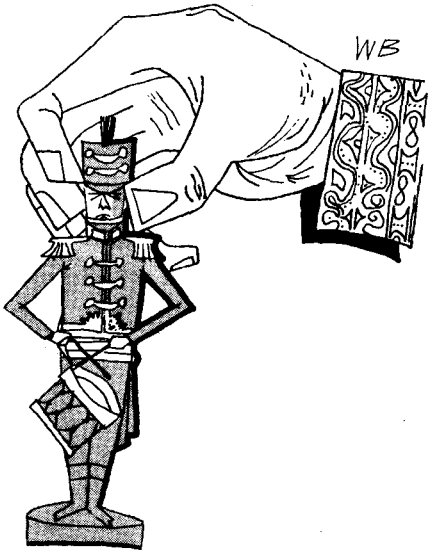
Lord Lucan, abetted by the excited aide-de-camp who had borne the vague command, made that fatal error. He knew the mission was suicidal—doubly so because Russian batteries lay not only at the foot of the valley but also on the hills to his right and left that formed it—thirty to fifty guns in all.

Lord Lucan chose the Light Brigade, which had not been involved in the earlier cavalry clash, to lead, and issued the order to its commander, Lord Cardigan, who happened to be both his brother-in-law and his bitter enemy. The conversational exchange on that occasion as recorded by Mrs. Woodham-Smith was perhaps the warmest and most informal of their lifetimes:

Lord Cardigan (on receiving the order): Certainly, sir, but allow me to point out to you that the Russians have a battery in the valley on our front, and batteries and riflemen on both sides.

Lord Lucan: I know it, but Lord Raglan will have it. We have no choice but to obey.

One thinks of the charge immortalized in Lord Tennyson's poem as a headlong gallop. Actually, half of the three-thousand-yard



course was covered at a disciplined trot under murderous fire, with Lord Cardigan himself out in front, as was the custom of the day, setting the pace. When the survivors reached the battery, the Russian gunners fought bravely but were overwhelmed, while the main body of the Russian cavalry, drawn up a small distance to the rear, looked on, apparently too dumfounded by the insane assault to interfere seriously.

Afterwards, the slow retreat of the British through the "mouth of hell" was another costly ordeal but one somewhat alleviated by the French 4th Chasseurs d'Afrique, which, though uncelebrated by Tennyson, charged bravely up one of the heights forming the gantlet and drove the Russians off it.

Box scores on the historic blunder differ somewhat. The Encyclopaedia Britannica gives 247 men "lost" out of a total strength of 673; Mrs. Woodham-Smith states that "195 had returned."

The Purchase System

The charge itself is the climax of *The Reason Why,* but it is almost incidental to the work. It took two earls—Lucan and Cardigan—and a baron—Raglan—to produce among themselves the extraordinary confusion that led to the magnificent but useless sacrifice. And as is often the case, all three survived the battle. Cardigan, first into the enemy battery, emerged unscathed. Lucan, with the second main wave, the Heavy Brigade, was wounded twice before he halted the charge and withdrew to cut his losses. Raglan blundered on through the Crimean winter and saw his army starve and freeze to death, partly because of the loss of the main Balaklava-Sebastopol road in that battle, before he died of fever the following June.

But how did it happen that these bumbling nobles were generals? The answer lies in the purchase system, under which a man bought his commission and then paid huge sums for each promotion. Mrs. Woodham-Smith explains its inception admirably. After Cromwell's military dictatorship, "nation and Parliament were equally determined that never again should the Army be in the hands of men likely to bring about a military revolution. . . ." What was wanted were "men of property with a stake in the country, not military adventurers." And so during the Restoration, "The formation of an Army on the lines of Continental models, officered by professional soldiers . . . was deliberately avoided."

"Next to a battle lost, there is nothing so dreadful as a battle won," was a favorite saying of the Duke of Wellington. During the years of comparative peace following Waterloo in 1815, the Iron Duke was to prove the truth of his own saying. The legacy of the great victory was Wellington himself, who acted as a sort of Pope to the British Army for many decades after it. The Duke resisted change, and above all changes in the purchase system. The evidence at the time was in its favor: It had given the Empire an almost unbroken series of triumphs, over

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nearly a century and a half, often against tremendous odds. And the Army had not interfered in civil government.

When Wellington died in 1852 he in turn left a legacy: Lord Raglan, his military secretary from 1807 onward. Probably because the Government hoped that some of Wellington's genius had somehow rubbed off on Lord Raglan, it appointed that staff officer—who had never maneuvered troops in the field—to the supreme command on the declaration of war in 1853. His ignorance of logistics, his incredible indifference to reconnaissance or intelligence of any kind, and his chronic failure to seize opportunities offered by the even more inept Russian commanders served Britain ill.

Lord Lucan and Lord Cardigan were dreadful examples of what the purchase system sometimes produced. Both were contemptuous of poorer but battle-experienced officers over whose heads they had bought promotion. Both were grouty, bad-tempered, and rude.

Cardigan in particular despised officers who had seen action in India, although he was by no means alone in that or in his belief that smart turnout on parade was the be-all and end-all of the military life. Mrs. Woodham-Smith goes into the ancestries, childhoods, educations, marriages, and early careers of both earls with zeal, and she turns up some pretty disagreeable things.

Lucan and Cardigan were above all brave and arrogant. The ingredient conspicuously lacking in their upbringings was any faint suspicion that they could ever be mistaken. They knew how to die but not how to live. They knew how to command—stupidly, yet with authority—but not how to obey; ironically, the mistaken order to charge was one of the few either ever obeyed implicitly.

The Coddling of Pvt. Atkins

Mrs. Woodham-Smith concludes what deserves to be a best-seller with the thought that perhaps the whole thing wasn't entirely in vain, for after the Crimean War armies were reformed. "At the beginning of the campaign, the private soldier was regarded as a dangerous brute; at the end he was a hero."

Had the great Age of Thomas Atkins really dawned? The author may be overstating the case a little. Even as late as 1945, when this reviewer got his last glimpse of Mr. Atkins, the impression was that he was hardly being cosseted—"coddled" as we say in this country—or even being given due credit for doing the fighting and dying. Perhaps all that may be said with certainty is that nowadays, instead of taking nobles who think themselves infallible and making generals of them, the British government takes generals who consider themselves infallible and makes nobles of them. But that is at least some improvement.

IN THE SUMMER of 1855, the British stormed Sebastopol, and the war ended that autumn. It should be noted that from that day to this there has been no Russian Mediterranean fleet.

Free Labor's Answer to Communism

PHILIP M. KAISER

THE INTERNATIONAL LABOR MOVEMENT, by Lewis L. Lorwin. *Harper. $5.*

MR. LORWIN'S new book is written in a world vastly different from that in which he wrote *Labor and Internationalism* in 1929. While some of the earlier period covered in his first work is reinterpreted a generation later, the chief impression one gets from a comparison of the two books is the increasing dynamism of the international labor movement—particularly the American section of it—in recent years.

This quickened pace reflects the fact that working people and their organizations are the most important prize in the East-West struggle. Unfortunately, the Communists have achieved well-advertised successes in exploiting social and economic grievances among workers in France, Italy, and Guatemala. Their inroads in Asia, Africa, and elsewhere in Latin America are less familiar. The largest national trade union in Indonesia is led by Communists. Large segments of the labor movement in Japan and Burma are Communist-dominated. The recent near-coup in British Guiana was maneuvered through Communist control of the dominant workers' organizations. There is hardly a labor movement in the world that is not subjected to Red pressure through a complex of carefully devised techniques, including the use of Moscow's international labor instrument, the World Federation of Trade Unions (WFTU).

Fortunately, the free trade-union movements of the world have understood that the East-West struggle was their struggle too. In December, 1949, the leading free trade unions established the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions (ICFTU). This was not, of course, the first attempt at organizing free world labor. It does differ, however, from its predecessors in several vital respects that give promise of greater influence and endurance.

For the first time in a century-long history, brilliantly analyzed by Mr. Lorwin, the free trade unions over-

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came ideological differences that previously had limited the effective action they could take in concert. Neither the constitution of the ICFTU nor its manifesto mentions socialist, nationalizing, or, for that matter, free-enterprise objectives. "Class warfare" is no longer a rallying cry. The new unifying principle is a "free society based on free labor."

The ICFTU has also shed the pacifism that so conspicuously weakened previous labor internationals. It backed the U.N. action in Korea and is a strong partisan of NATO and the European Defense Community.

A third new factor in the ICFTU is its relative universality. Earlier internationals were predominantly European in membership as well as outlook. Europe's free trade unions are playing a key role in the ICFTU, but its affiliates and activities cover the world to an extent unknown before. In addition to its European and North American membership, the ICFTU's affiliates include several large labor organizations from Latin America, the two leading trade-union federations in India, the Council of Trade Unions in Japan, and other unions in Australasia, the West Indies, the Middle East, Southeast Asia, and Africa. The ICFTU claims a membership of about 53 million in 102 organizations in seventy-four political divisions. Most of its action is aimed at the underdeveloped areas of Asia, Latin America, and Africa.

For the first time too, the principal divisions of U.S. organized labor, the AFL, the CIO, and the United Mine Workers, are active affiliates of a free labor international. This is all the more important because the phenomenal growth and concrete achievements of American labor during the last two decades have had a profound impact on labor movements in other countries.

American leaders helped establish the ICFTU. Inside it, they have insisted that in addition to being the international voice of free labor, the ICFTU must engage in practical trade-union activity. They have propounded the essentially American idea that unions should worry more about the welfare and working conditions of their members than about party politics.

In the four years of its existence the ICFTU has been heard on every vital issue: on Peronism and Franco Spain, on Korean aggression, on slave labor in the U.S.S.R., on technical assistance, on economic aid, on self-government for colonial areas, and on violation of trade-union rights.

BUT THE crucial challenge facing the ICFTU is to organize workers in the underdeveloped areas into free democratic trade unions. Mr. Lorwin shows that in spite of limited resources the ICFTU is making headway in this field. It has established separate regional organizations for Asia and Latin America, through which aid – largely technical but

financial too in some cases—is provided to the affiliated trade unions. It is concentrating on training native organizers and leaders in those tactics and techniques of western trade unionism which are compatible with local problems and cultures. Regular training courses have been held at the University of Puerto Rico for trade-unionists from all over the Western Hemisphere. For Asian workers a resident trade-union college has been opened in Calcutta. Training courses have been conducted in Dakar and Accra in West Africa.

These are indeed modest beginnings, but the obstacles are vast. One of the most formidable is lack of a tradition of autonomous trade-unionism, free from excessive political ties and dependence on government.

In Latin America, for example, unions have been split for decades by ideological disputes among Communists, fascists, socialists, and syndicalists. In most Asian countries, today's labor leaders were active participants in the anti-colonial revolutionary coalition movements of the last twenty years in which, unfortunately, Communists played a large and welcome part. Many have been or are influential political leaders as well as trade-union officials. In Burma the president of the Trade Union Congress is also Minister of National Defense, while Nehru himself was at one time president of the All India Trade Union Congress.

Unions and Societies

Dependence on political parties and their ideologies has deterred many trade unions from pursuing the issues of wages and working conditions on which their performance will always be measured by their membership. In the underdeveloped areas, unions often depend on subsidies—from governments, political parties, or employers. Full-time officials paid out of union treasuries hardly exist. Scant attention has been given to the development of labor leadership from the ranks of the workers themselves.

Yet the ICFTU cannot be expected to do the whole job of building democratic trade unions. Their growth depends on the growth of societies of which they are a part. This means that governments must cope successively with such problems as full employment, expanded world trade, more effective technical assistance, and financing of economic development. These are the necessary conditions for the establishment of strong democratic trade unions in those areas, capable of resisting the onslaughts of Communists. As Mr. Lorwin says, the ICFTU "stands guard for freedom and democracy, warning those who are unaware and reminding those who would forget that failure to meet the problems of economic and social welfare on a world scale can only strengthen the forces of violence and dictatorship."

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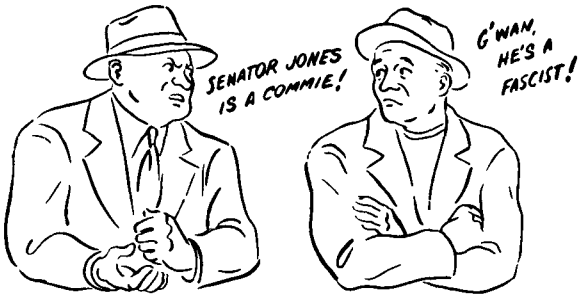

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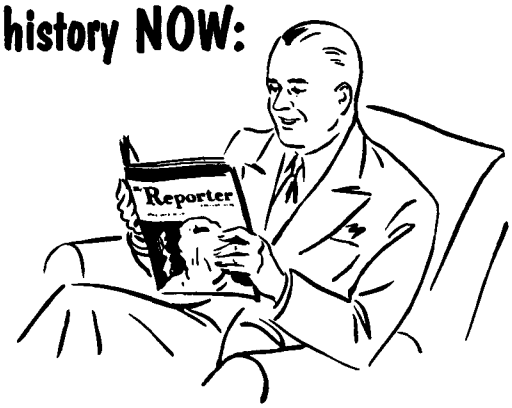

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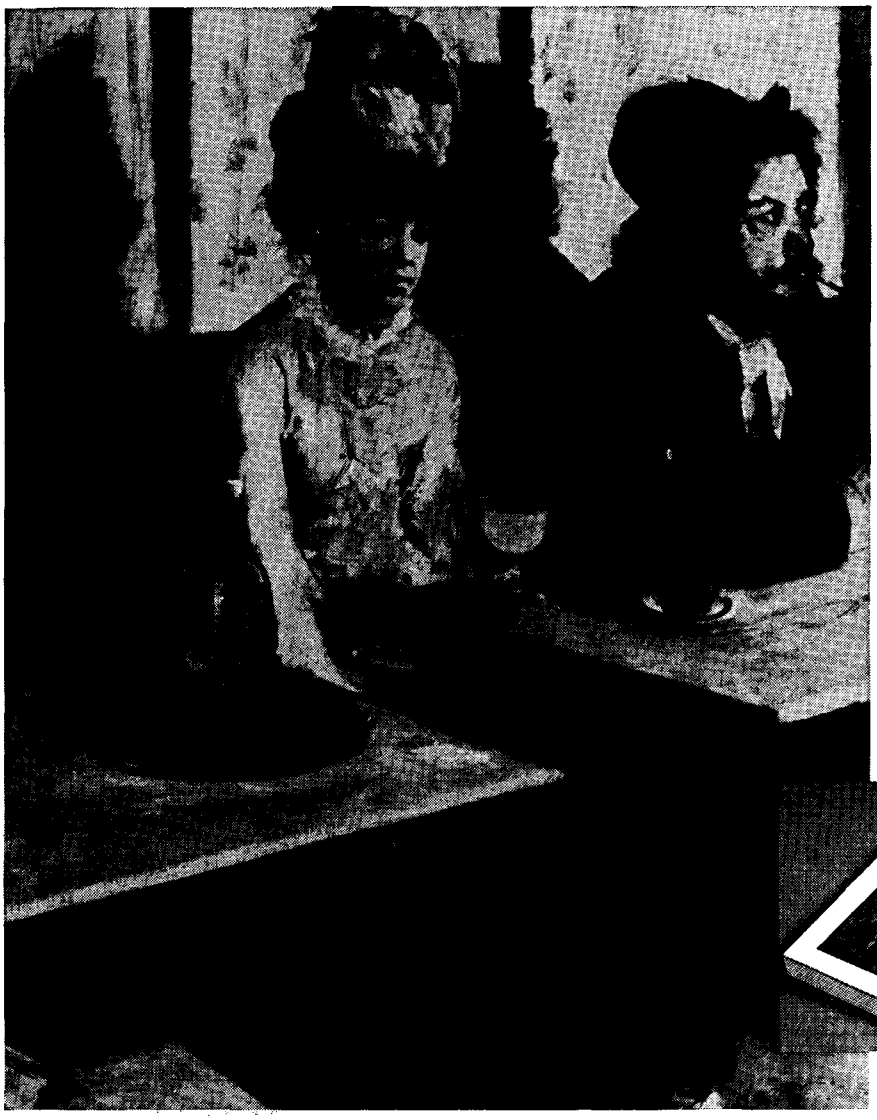

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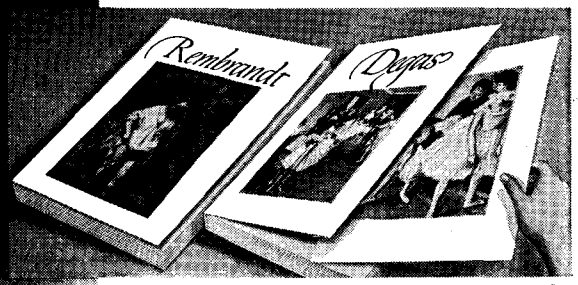

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